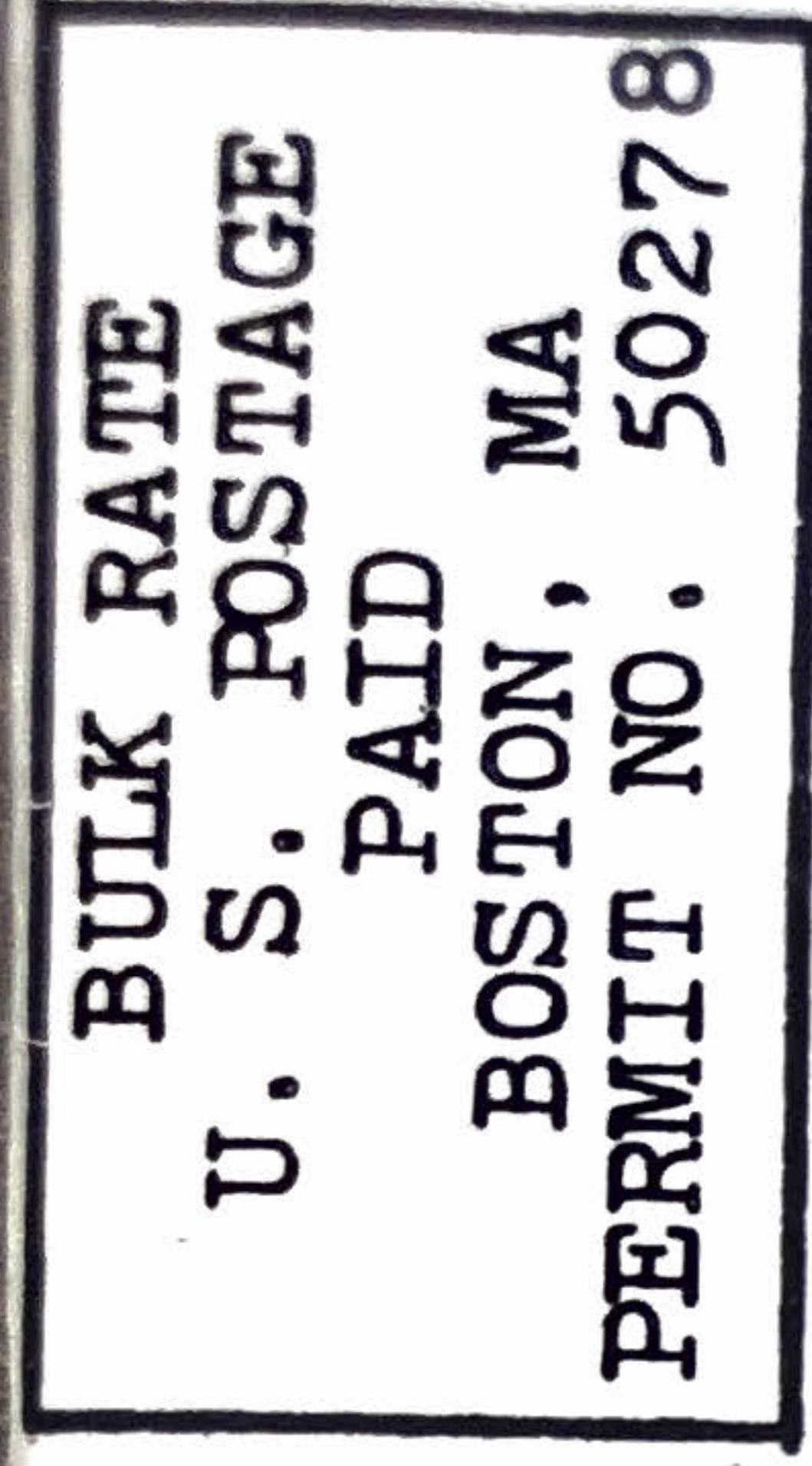


FACISHEET FIVE

Mike Gunderloy
41 Lawrence St.
Medford, MA 02155

TO :



[10]

in memoriam
GERRY REITH
1958-1984

FACTSHEET FIVE is published four times a year, appearing in the months of February, May, August and November. Deadlines are the twentieth of the preceeding months. All unsolicited manuscripts are welcome with the exception of plays, poetry, fiction, TV scripts and similar nonsense, and book and fanzine reviews, which I reserve for myself.

If you want to talk back to a columnist and don't want to take your chances on my deciding to publish a part of your letter, just send them a letter care of the Aeditor and I'll be happy to forward it.

FACTSHEET FIVE is always free to prisoners.

FACTSHEET FIVE does not sell advertising space. Ads are available on a trade basis only; I'll print yours if you'll print mine.

Staph:

Founderer Emeritus: St. Michael D. Miller, retd.
Spiritual Guidance: St. Stephen Xavier of Trever
Aural Arts Critic: Shane Williams
Funnybooks Critic: Robert Gillie, U.P.E., H.M.S.
Nuts & Berries Correspondent: Norm Lee
Visual Arts Critic: Anni Ackner
Rotating Canadians: Catherine Crockett, Georges Giguere, C.F. Kennedy
and Roldo (all lost in a blizzard somewhere)
Guest Conspirator: Kerry Thornley, K.S.C.
Investigator of Morals: Eric Morrison
Special Homespun Philosopher: Julie Summers
Economic Planning by Ernest Mann
Artwork by: Jerry Collins, Maureen Garrett, Stephanie Klein, Joan
Hanke-Woods, Bill Rotsler, John Sevcik and Bob Shea
Everything Else: Mike Gunderloy
Cleaning by The Friendly Janitors, Inc.
Ontological Advice supplied by the Committee for the Dissemination of
Multiple Realities, in consultation with the King of Mice Foundation
for Inquiry
The Aeditor's office decor by Mister Fred
Approved by Eighteenth Century Communications, Ltd.

ARTISTS! As you can see, I'm publishing real live art these days. Since most of what's in this issue was squirreled away five years ago for my previous fanzine, I'm desperately in need of more stuff. I'll even try to run it in less than five years, honest. Where can you get a better deal? I'll even give you a subscription for it. Help!

I was praying when God spoke to my heart, "I'm making you responsible for getting one million people into heaven." As you well might imagine, I was momentarily staggered.



MISTRESS OF THE RINGS

by Eric Morrison

I recently had a course on J.R.R. Tolkien. You probably don't know these facts that I have uncovered, and the meanings that I have formulated from them. Galadriel was six-foot-four. Her "mother-name" was translated as "man-maiden." This can point to no other conclusion that Galadriel was a dominatrix. She seemed to rule in Lorien. Also, what is the meaning of "elven rope"? It boggles the mind to ponder what the Mirror of Galadriel sequence would have been had Sam Gangee stopped being a little shit and minded his own business. Also, Gimli's attraction to her, I believe, points to a general tendency in the Dwarvish race to "submit." The hair she gave to him can be seen as symbols for "restraints." That Sauron did not first attack Lorien finally makes sense when seen in this light. To do so would have deprived him of his favorite activity.

FACTSHEET FIVE

This should look familiar to you. Once again it's the zine of cross-currents and crosspollination, still being published by the regular Mike Gunderloy, resident at Superlative Manor (aka BBTLE), 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155; phone (617)-391-3496. This is Pretzel Press publication #505, and is intended for direct mailing to all the Good Folks. Press run: 250 copies. 10th issue. © All rights reversed.

You'll notice a slight format change this time around; I sold the margins to a dealer in miscellaneous goods, who gave me a nice box full of string too short to save in return. Actually, I just had too much stuff to print this time to waste any space. I hope the readability hasn't suffered too much. You do read this stuff, don't you? If you don't, then why did I send you this? Here's why:

- () You sent stamps
- () You sent money
- () We're trading zines
- (X) We're engaged in complimentary unilateral exchange
- () You sent me something new to review
- () I got your address from:
- () You're on the staph
- () You sent canned goods
- () Other:

THE LAST ISSUE YOU'LL GET WITHOUT TAKING ACTION WILL BE: **THIS ONE**

Alas, alas, the price is going up. I'm paying for the printing on this monster now, folks, and the price is getting ridiculous. The bulk mail permit should help somewhat, but not enough. So, up goes the price: FACTSHEET FIVE NOW SELLS FOR \$1.50 IN CASH OR CHECK OR \$1.20 IN US POSTAGE STAMPS PER ISSUE. Sorry, but that's the way it goes. I have enough material to publish about sixty pages an issue now but I just can't afford to do so.

As usual, you shouldn't subscribe for more than four issues at a time, as I refuse to guarantee the appearance of this zine for more than a year in the future, so anything over \$6.00 cash or \$4.80 stamps will be taken as a much-appreciated donation to the continued existence of FF. Thanx to Jackie Peschock for making such a contribution this time around, and to JC Brainbeau for his continued support.

In lieu of sending money or stamps, you can trade me your fanzine (all for all), send me a zine to review that I haven't seen before, or send drugs, negotiable securities or canned goods. Andrea Chalfin-Antonoff sent a very nice selection of canned goods this month, including some tasty Spam, plain-wrap dogfood for our dog, and water chestnuts, and has had her efforts repaid with a 4-issue subscription.

What will NOT work is sending too little money (this includes sending cash in the amount of the discount stamps rate!), begging, letters of comment (though I still like to get letters) and non-credible threats.

Though I'm not in the market for more staph writers (except perhaps for another body or two for the Canadian Corner column), I am always on the lookout for short bits of whatnot as typified by the selections from Julie Summers, Eric Morrison and Kerry Thornley in this issue. Try me with your offbeat writings or inquire if you're not sure I'd like it. No book, magazine, record, film or comics reviews though--those are all under control, thank you very much.

A couple of updates to the last issue of FF: The ANSWER MAN NEWSLETTER is no longer being produced, due to the untimely death of head Answer Man Gary Warne. Garth Spencer's reviewzine ENTER THE LISTS is folding (Ha! Less competition!), though his other projects are alive and well. The League of Notions is now the Multinationalist; more about it later. BLUE MOON, reviewed in the last issue, seems to have moved without forwarding; anyone have a current address for Cheryl Cline? I also need a current address for the SubGenius group FRIENDS OF WURMZ, last heard from in the Washington State area. For that matter, has anyone had any news from the SubGenius Main Fistemple in Dallas in the last umpteen geological ages? Haven't had any communication from the found(er)ing wackoes since the publication of THE BOOK. Perhaps they published things that Man Was Not Meant to Know.

Hope you enjoy this issue. See you in August.





BEST BETS

"Yeah -- you and tENT, the ultimate Odd Couple! God F² is is coming along though there are a couple of stereotypical patterns to watch out for, like the "okay if you like that sort of thing" evasion. I mean, it just might be okay whether they like it or not. Reluctance to interfere (laudable) is one thing, reluctance to condemn (possibly gutless) is something else again. It verges on tautology, vis-a-vis anything, to say its likeable for those who like that sort of thing. Say

something or skip it, that's my suggestion. There is occasion for true suspension of judgement but if that becomes the norm there is little point in putting out a review unless you intend it to be a mere directory."

After a fair amount of thought, I find myself agreeing with the above. This, coupled with the lack of space available, is probably going to lead to my ignoring entirely some of the publications I get in the mail. Meanwhile, this column: an effort to sort out the real Good Stuff for your immediate perusal. And so without further ado, and in no particular order, here they are.

APA-L (c/o LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601). This is, for those who don't know, the Amateur Press Association put together weekly at the LA Science Fantasy Society meetings. The 1,000th issue is going to be put together on July 12th of this year, an event which boggles the mind. The L has been through good times and bad, and hundreds if not thousands of fen have written in its pages. I know there are some ex-members in my audience, and it is to you that this review is primarily directed. Won't you come back and help make #1000 something really special?

BULLDOZER #7 (POB 5052, Stn. A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1W4 CANADA). This is one of the premiere Canadian anarchist zines. Their main concern is with human rights, and much of this issue is written by prisoners and native Americans, decrying the ways in which they are treated by society. Amongst the ideological theorizing so prevalent in the leftist press it's refreshing to see someone actually concerned more with people than with movements. No set cost, but send what you can: the staff has been caught up in the general crackdown on Canadian anarchists and are facing a possible \$30,000 in legal costs in the near future.

AKWESASNE NOTES Vol. 15/6 (\$1.50 from Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, NY 13683). And speaking of Native Americans, this must surely be the best-known of American Indian publications. Not just for indians, topics span the range from Mayan refugees to living in harmony with the earth to human rights abuses in Guatemala to the continuing legal battles of the Indians against the government. A good source for a large amount of disquieting information on what the world looks like to the oppressed.

RHUBARB #5 (\$1 from 217 10th St. Ant. 1B, Hoboken, NJ 07030). Anne Bernstein is finally back from Europe and out with another issue of "The newsletter that has yet to define itself". News on street theatre and mail art, a column "Media Massage" on the strange ways in which the media wobble our minds, lots of nifty reviews (which means she liked FF) and what continues to be the most interesting letter column in any small magazine. For all fans of offbeat humor.

THE SPARK, Vol. 1 #4 (Sample \$1 from POB 528, Port Townsend, WA 98368). New and graphically pleasing, this "Newsletter of contemporary anarchist thought" is going to go far if the editors stay out of jail. They dare to take the unpopular line: past issues have discussed the use of nukes by anarchists, this one features the article "Feminism as Fascism" which calls out the anti-porn brigade for their patently authoritarian ways. No parrots of the correct line here, just people who have brains and know how to use them, and aren't afraid to present the fruits of their thoughts.

LIGHT TIMES (\$1 (I guess) from POB 84366, Los Angeles, CA 90073): I don't know who these people are but I like their style. Judging from the subject matter and personnel credits, they're another cog in the incredibly huge Discordian Network seeking to radically change life on this planet (do you believe that?). Topics include the Leary/Liddy debates, the connection between rabbits and UFOs, and a scholarly article on the locomotion of alien life-forms. Nice printing and pretty colored paper, too. Worth the money just for the lyrics of "He Ain't Much, but He's the Only God We've Got".

THE FREE PHILOSOPHER QUARTERLY Vol. 2 #1 (\$4 from POB 103, West Carrollton, OH 45449): FPQ is the only philosophical magazine I read, perhaps because I can be sure that the articles will concern areas of philosophy in which I am interested, which is to say, they have a generally libertarian bent. This issue leads with an article on patents (I don't buy the argument for them in a free society, but it's well presented), and goes on to cover Eric Voegelin's concept of modern Gnosticism, John Rawl's epoch-making theory of justice and the application of economic thought in the political arena. Not too technical to read and not too simplistic to be interesting, the editorial choice continues to strike a nice balance.

LIBERTARIAN LOGOS Vol. 2 #3 (PO Box 25172, Phoenix, AZ 85001): Another libertarian periodical with a human outlook: I'm glad to see more of these on the market these days. LOGOS and its editor Lorraina Valencia are particularly interested in doing something about the conditions in the Arizona State Prison system, which seems to be about as well run as the New Mexico Penitentiary was before everything blew up there. There's plenty of other stuff here too; reprints of articles from other publications, essays on the history of freedom, and bits of astrology also pop up from time to time. Now being published 24 times a year, LOGOS is free to those who want it, with subscriptions being voluntary (though they can use the money even more than I can).

TRANET (\$30/year; \$15 for us poor folks from Box 567, Rangeley, ME 04970): I don't usually review things that cost this much in FF, and even less often do I send for them. In this case I'll be joining the "Transnational network for appropriate/alternative technologies" and considering the money well-spent. This is a network of people who are actually active in doing things to better the world, with many contacts both outside and in the USA. Ongoing projects include supplying books on alternative technologies to third world settlements and linking up with other networks via computer. If you join, ask for issue #30; it's the annual members directory which can put you in touch with people who have skills ranging from organic farming to business management to palmistry.

PRIVATE HEAT #4/5 (\$3 from Lee Pelton, Box 3145 Traffic Station, Minneapolis, MN 55403): When was the last time you saw an 80-page fanzine with fancy covers, lots of art, and nice printing for this price? This is a traditional fanzine, which means that those of you unfamiliar with science-fiction fandom might be a bit baffled by the contents, but it's one of the best introductions to the field that I know of. Articles include Lee Pelton on Rock 'n Roll, Dave Szurek on sleazy movies, Jane Freitag discussing the wrong way to find out that one has diabetes, and Carol Kennedy spouting opinionated nonsense.

HOMESTEADERS NEWS #41 (\$1.75 from Sherrie & Norm Lee, Naples, NY 14512): HN is still growing and getting better--this one is 64 pages long and has an entertaining mix of subjects: excerpts from Thomas Jefferson's garden book run side-by-side with practical advice about raised-bed gardening, home schooling and firewood storage. These are not armchair farmers but folks actually making it in the country and sharing their skills with others. If you want to learn the best bet is the 7th Annual GOOD LIFE GET-TOGETHER, being held in Naples July 19-21. "Bring tent or sleeping bag (we'll provide shelter if needed) and spend 3 days with us: eat out of the garden, 40 workshops being offered, & ride the pony & donkey, swim in the pond, pick the berries..." Looks to me like a good way to see if homesteading might be the solution for you.

DELIRIUM 2 (SASE for info or send about \$2 to Phantasm Press, 8962 Dorothy D, Southgate, CA 90280): "Words and images from senses beyond all realms", this is chock-ful of disturbing poetry and collage but unlike most such publications the poetry makes some sense and there are articles to relieve the monotony, including an excellent one on the works of Robert Anton Wilson. Get in on this one early; it'll be a collector's item eventually.

SHAVERTRON #19 (\$3 from PO Box 1708, San Anselmo, CA 94960), "The only source of post-deluge Shaverania", which may or may not mean a blessed thing to you. Dick Shaver was a science-fiction writer in the 40s who wrote about strange and evil beings, the Deros, who lived inside the Hollow Earth and were plotting nasty things for us all. Shaver apparently committed the cardinal sin of trying to convince people that this stuff was all true, and got run out of the SF community on a rail for his troubles. A few people, though, keep the 'Shaver Mystery' alive, and SHAVERTRON is one of their prime organs of communication. Topics include just about anything you'd expect to be denied by the scientific establishment: Hollow Earth, secret bases on Mars, pictures inside of rocks, telepathy, lost cities--including one under downtown LA--and lots more. You won't find much of this stuff anywhere else. Belief is up to you.

AND THE REST

Now, just because something didn't make my "Best Bets" list doesn't mean that you should jump to conclusions. I like a lot of the publications in the following pages, but for one reason or another they didn't stand out from the herd as being superlative this month. No doubt some of this is due solely to my personal taste (such as it is). I encourage you to consider the reviews and draw your own conclusions as to whether the particular subject is for you or not.

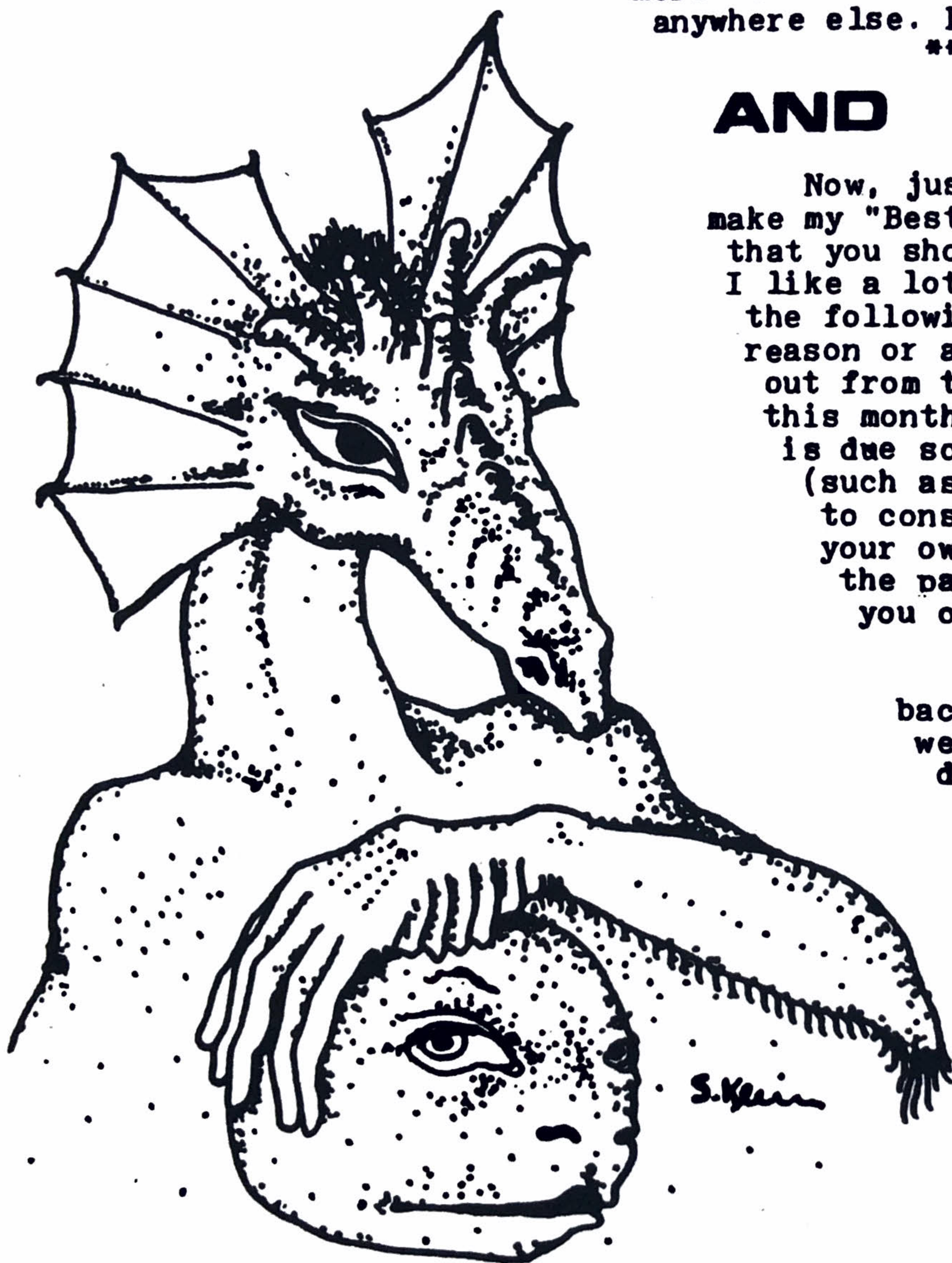
The letter snippets are back with this issue, as there were howls of protest over my dropping them in the last one. What with the size of my audience increasing and a couple of specific requests, I'll even be attributing authorship in most cases. Anyone care to comment on this policy change?

Ed Campbell,
publisher of
ALTERNATE ENERGY
TRANSPORTATION,
writes, "Thanks for
sending me a copy
of Factsheet Five!

I saw your note 'Care to trade?' but hesitated for a long time about sending you my newsletter--not because I don't care to trade...I do... but rather because I figured that the author of Factsheet Five would find nothing of interest in a square, serious, semi-technical rag such as I publish. But what the hell...I should let you figure that out."

I'm glad you did leave it to me because I'm interested in damned near anything. About the only qualifications for a publication to be listed here are that it be willing to trade and that it be at least moderately interesting. Several people have commented on my "anarchist leanings", but the only reason I review so many anarchist pubs is that I get a lot of them. I'd like to see more of everything: humor, paganism, outdoor survival, fox hunting, you name it...so if you know of something by all means send me a copy. It's good for a free issue of FF added to your sub even if I don't decide to review whatever it is.

THE FAMILIST, Vol. 3 #2 (Free from 5324 Sun Valley Drive, El Paso, TX 79924): "Voice of the Familist Movement", this organization promotes the replacement of governments by going back to Natural Law and relying on family units and protection of children's rights to keep society running smoothly. Though I frankly find their belief in Natural Law to be muddle-headed and false to facts, the bimonthly newsletter does do a lot to provoke thought, and it is free to anyone who is interested in the Familist Movement.



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARTH #9 (35 ¢ from Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, BC V8V 3E1 CANADA): This zine consists mainly of letters and reviews, mostly from Canadian fans. At the rate he's going Garth will end up turning TWATG into an apa where he does all the work and pays all the expenses; the discussions in the letter column are lively and interesting. Garth does his best to keep us up-to-date on the latest Canadian gossip, to the point of publishing unsubstantiated rumors followed by embarrassed retractions. Fun.

THE WHOLE SHMEER #2 (\$1 from 1170 E. Kensington Ave., Salt Lake City, UT 84105): Had you told me that there was a SubGenius zine being run from Mormon Central USA I don't think I would have believed you, but it's true. The Reverend KATrina Fixx has an interesting mix of random SubGenius news and nasty Mormon jokes here ("What's the difference between a computer and a BYU coed? The coed never goes down"), and I'm sure she's dying for communications from Real Mutants in the rest of the world because she's not likely to be finding any locally. As a free bonus there's a calendar listing such events as Giacomo Casanova's birthday and American Beer Week.

DWF Newsletter (\$2/3 issues from Dr. Craig Roll, 825 B Sutton Towers, Collingswood NJ 08107): This, on the other hand, is one of those 'SubGenius Groupie' publications predicted in the Sacred Writings. DWF stands for Dobbstown Wrestling Foundation, and this zine is a description of mythical wrestling matches whose main point seems to be to make nasty cracks about folks the author doesn't like. Don't waste your money.

THE YOUNG TECHNOCRATS (\$1 from PO Box 71541, Marietta, GA 30007): The buck will get you the Young Technocrats Introductory Pack, yet another bunch of SubGenial madness. Cartoons of Charlie Brown as a Nazi, pamphlets on "NUCLEAR and GENETIC AWARENESS", random collages of technical stuff, and other strange stuff. This could lead to something interesting.

VILE PROPAGANDA (50 cents or thereabouts from 181 Union St., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601): Wonders may never cease, now there's a punk rock zine in Poughkeepsie. Actually this one covers a wider range than most punk zines, including thoughts on The Day After and Harlan Ellison's TV column (long ago in the Freep). It's good to see a punk zine that tries to make some connection between the politics in the lyrics and that out in the world.

N.J.A.C.T. (310 Evesham Rd., Glendora, NJ 08029) has some tax revolt info available, including announcements of "Citizens No-Tax Constitutional Seminars" and an announcement "\$100,000.00 will be awarded to anyone who can show any section of the Internal Revenue Code that 'requires' we the people, as individual citizens, to file a personal income tax return". I'd be happier with all these right-wing "constitutional patriots" if they stuck to tax revolts and didn't have so many other slimy ideas--this particular bunch blames illegal immigrants for ruining the country and spreading AIDS--but at least they're trying to do something about taxes.

CHEAP TRUTH #4 (\$1 from 809-C W. 12th St., Austin, TX 78701): A serious SF zine, slopping the boundaries of SF over to include "visionary nonfiction" such as INFINITY AND THE MIND and comic books including AMERICAN FLAGG (it's cropping up everywhere these days). The non-fannish editorial viewpoint is refreshing, and it was good to read a complaint against all them damned SF series, even if I do like a couple of them. Promised for a future issue is "a semiotic analysis of science fiction in rock videos". Go for it.

FEETS OF THE IMAGINATION (About \$1 from Scott Rasmussen, 534 Revere St., Revere, MA 02151): Scott is part of the crazy bunch at the First Church of Mister Scientist of the SubGenius, and this particular pamphlet is a scientific study of various feet in art and history. Not much all by itself, but it will get you hooked up with their other fine publications.

FRY'S MODERN HUMANS (SASE from 22511 Markham, Perris, CA 92370): This is a two-level setup. First comes a mail-order house for books on off-the-wall subjects ranging from iridology and Fish Carbeurators to Ninjas and perpetual motion. Most of this stuff is so obscure that it's not even in the Loompanics catalog. What they really want, though is to sign you up for the "Modern Humans comp courses" which promise to teach you everything from mindreading to total recall to the history of the universe. I'd approach that with caution if I were you.

6 Stencilled on a grocery sack comes a note from tentatively, a convenience: "I am not so much an anti-artist as I am a MAD SCIENTIST D COMPOSER SOUND THINKER T HOUGH T COLLECTOR AS BEEN (Tim Ore as an artist--4 business purposes--not me)". Sure, tent, whatever you say. I don't expect to understand the ins and outs of your personae.

FAMOUS MOUSTACHES (\$1 from Tim Ore, Box 382 CR, Baltimore, MD 21203): "A revealing (& somewhat stupid) book", this contains photo montages of famous moustaches, cryptic rubber-stamp additions, and a text on the Zen of facial recognition. An interesting counterpoint to FEETS OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONSTITUTIONAL REVIVAL (\$1 from 29 Fairfield Rd., Enfield, CT 06082): For your buck you get the "Constitutional Revival Packet", more stuff from another group of right-wingers, though in this case they've drawn their own political spectrum, putting them smack-dab in the moderate middle between the far-left communists and the far-right anarchists. They want to sue the government right out of the social welfare business, cut taxes and eliminate all government functions other than the protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. "For the people to be free, government can only protect, not provide."

AMERICAN FLAGG #10 (\$1 from First Comics, 1014 Davis St., Evanston, IL 60201): This is just about the only comic book I read. Howard Chaykin's future world is well-thought-out and full of details, with background bits ranging from the "Love Canal Adult Theatre" to artificial hands for a cat. One caveat: this one is not for feminists, as the pin-up poses and low-cut dresses come fast and furious, with only occasional beefcake interspersed. But if you can ignore that, the action is fast and furious and the story is convoluted enough to keep me hooked.

SURVIVAL NETWORK NEWSLETTER #23 (50 cents from Brad Ott, 1430 Urania, New Orleans, LA 70130): This one is a catalog of the other Survival Network publications. SN is a coalition of groups banding together out of concern for the earth and what we've done to it. The publications include such things as theoretical works by Rocker and Kropotkin and the little-known writings of anarcho-feminist Voltairine de Cleyre. Check 'em out.

CREATIVE ANARCHIST OF AMERICA (\$1 from GI Joe, General Delivery, Cerrillos, NM 87010) have a packet of their collected writings available, including Draft Resistance and Light Living material as well as a page glorifying Guerillas in contrast to Soldiers. I can't say I agree with thier back-to-the-earth, blow-up-the-system mystique, but they are trying to address issues other than the stale arguments about capitalism vs. communism and ends vs. means.

MESSAGE POST #14 (\$1 from POB 190, Philomath OR 97370): "About portable dwelling and long camping", this is a newsletter primarily for people who have opted for a simpler life away from the modern hassle--though of course they do not hesitate to use technology when it's appropriate to their purposes. Lots of information in a small area: stories and hints from long-term campers (six months from a backpack!), sewing ideas, sprouting and natural foods, tips as to brands to buy and to avoid, and lots of networking.

Arthur Hlavaty notes, "One point that your reviews bring up. It may or may not interest you to know that the 'Doctor X' who wrote INTERN was revealed a few years ago to be sf writer Alan Nourse". That brings up more questions than it answers, since I don't know who Alan Nourse is. Is he an intern-turned-writer or was it all a snow job in the first place?

BANG! #2 (\$1.25 from 77 Newburn Ave., Medford, MA 02155): A rock magazine that covers just about all the sub-genres of the field, Bang! concentrates on the Boston Area. This doesn't mean that they only cover local groups but that they mix local coverage with interviews with national bands who happen to be passing through Beantown. A nice, professional-looking publication.

APATAINMENT TWO (available for contribution or by whim from Georges Giguere, 8833-92 St., Edmonton, AB T6C 3P9 CANADA) is the result of a mimeo seminar held in Edmonton and is primarily a vehicle for showing off all sorts of spiffy printing. The subjects range from anarchist propaganda to Batman comics (in the MAD magazine style) to a page on the Ostrich Egg, world's only naturally-occurring tactical nuclear weapon. Write Georges for more details.



MORAL MAJORITY REPORT 4/84 (305 Sixth St., Lynchburg, VA 24504): These folks are scum, but gullible enough that I've gotten on the mailing list for free. I only read this stuff in order to keep reminding myself what my enemies want to do to me. This issue headlines with a vitriolic attack on the ACLU, and goes on to praise Phyllis Schlafly and birth control clinics that call parents. It's sort of amusing to note that their advertisers are all of the same caliber that one finds in supermarket tabloids. I guess bilking the consumer is part of what keeps America strong.

REAL FUN #1 (Free from PO Box 15243, Philadelphia, PA 19125): "A mass media mag for the masses", this is being pushed as a way for us small publishers to reach 20,000 people, but the ad rates are far out of my, and I suspect many others, reach. Along with the ads are serious articles on TV sitcoms and disinformation, a selection of humorist manifestos, and various reprints from the little presses.

PUNK RESEARCH #1 (SASE from Mike Johnson, PO Box 15196, San Diego, CA 92115-0196): Mike is doing his thesis on punk, and this is a summary of his findings so far. He's especially interested in hearing from any magazines or people actually involved with punk rock. Nice selection of responses to the question "What is Punk?" in this issue.

KID'S LIB (\$2 from Oness Press, 605 SE 15th, Portland, OR 97214): This is one of numerous publications from Oness press, mostly concerned with Children's Liberation, Tantra, eco-politics and other 'New Age' issues. The author, Mycall Sunanda, writes in a confusing style of "newwords" which he claims free us from old mindsets but which I find to be quite offputting. This looks vaguely useful as a lead to the original sources on things like natural childbirth and raising kids, but the author's confusing & confused style leaves me unable to trust anything he says without confirmation.

SMALL FRIENDLY DOG (trade from Skel & Cas., 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, ENGLAND): I'm convinced that all English mail really goes to PO Boxes and they're just making up these addresses to see how gullible we Americans are. Anyhow, SFD is a typical fanzine of the old school, which is to say that one writes about bicycle trips and hair colouring, and perhaps occasionally about other fanzines, but never never about science fiction or conventions or any of that stuff. I find SFD to be at its best when Skel is just talking about such things, and at its worst when he's sneering at the inferior fans to be found everywhere in the world other than England. Alas, he spends far too many pages on the latter pursuit for me to really like this zine.

WHOLE LIFE TIMES #33 (\$1.50 from 18 Shephard St., Brighton, MA 02135): This "Journal for Personal and Planetary Health" is moving more and more towards politics, with this issue featuring an interview with Dick Gregory, and articles on sheltering Central American refugees and fighting herbicide spraying, but the main emphasis is still on health, natural gardening, herbal cures for cancer, herbalism and such stuff. The ads are marvelous, giving one a peek at just what people will eat if they're convinced it's good for them.

LEBANON (SASE from Tampa Workers Affinity Group, POB 16000 SG, Tampa, FL 33687): 4 pages of political analysis from some splinteror other of (I guess) anarchist communism, replete with lines such as "All the while, the television networks, first-level instruments of bourgeois domination & mystification, have conveyed thousands of hours of pictures of death & misery, terror & helplessness, which is meant to demoralize the world working-class & oil the propaganda machinery for eventual WW III." At least they're literate while they're raving.

SICK TEEN (44 cents from 708 St. Joseph St., Green Bay, WI 54301): Smaller print than FF, smaller print than IJ, even smaller print than TC, this is without a doubt the snidest, rudest and crudest punk rock magazine I have yet to lay eyes on. I love it. Live music & record reviews, interviews, lots of letters (positive and negative) and the most manic, crammed-with-stuff layout I've ever seen. The absolute quintessential punkzine, thanks to the fantastic work of the editor, Rev. Norbert Elmo Ugly.

BETWEEN GRIEF AND NOTHING (\$5 from Arf Arf Records, PO Box 954, East Dennis, MA 02641); This is a record, not a fanzine, so make sure you've got it straight before reading the rest of the review. They sent it to me for free, the least I can do is review it. Anyhow, this one's by Magic Mose and His Royal Rockers, featuring Blind Sam. I like it, but I'm prejudiced towards anything that has a SubGenius ad on the back and a tune featuring the Bavarian Illuminati. Other topics include the whys and wherefores of cloning and living in cellars. The sound is dark, dismal and intense--this is not background music.

EQUAL TIMES (739 Boylston St., Rm. 529, Boston, MA 02155); "Boston's Newspaper for Women" is now out of business--the editor has moved on to other things--but the network it started is staying around. For \$5.55 you can get a copy of **THE WOMEN'S LIST**, a listing of nearly 500 groups and organizations with women's rights in mind in the Boston area. Though I don't agree with all they say, particularly the ubiquitous Women Against Pornography pro-censorship nonsense, a lot of what they cried out against in the past really did deserve some public condemnation, if not suppression.

STOP! #7 (\$1.25 from PO Box 529, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10113); A comedy magazine featuring an interview with Soupy Sales, Zippy the Pinhead stuff and various comic strips, this one is sort of funny without really being my cup of tea. This is for fans of Our Gang and the Three Stooges rather than Erisians and SubGenii.

THE TUBER'S VOICE #5 (\$1.25 from Rt. 1 Box 327, Dixon, CA 95620); This is the "Couch Potato Newsletter" and Couch Potatoes, of course, are a strange and alien lifeform addicted to viewing the garbage that is commercial TV, preferably in the form of well-aged reruns. Full of serious reviews of shows most of us don't remember, along with MTV news, cartoons, surveys and other miscellaneous TV-stuff. A monument to the idiocy of modern "culture".

RIP OFF COMICS #12 (\$2.95 from PO Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114); This one claims to be "The International Journal of Humor and Comic Strip Art", which means that it publishes comics from other countries as well as the US. This particular issue has a couple of pages of Danish comics to justify the names. Other titles include The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, Dino-Boy and Waonder Warthog. Large format and lots of pages for the price.

INDEPENDENT PUBLICATIONS (7001 N. Clark #323, Chicago, IL 60626); These folks are a mail-order house stocking all sorts of strange and funny publications, including STOP!, TUBER'S VOICE, and RIP-OFF, as well as many more. Drop them a line and ask for their catalog, especially if you think Zippy the Pinhead is funny.

Stapher Shane Williams writes: "About issue #9 -- I just reread the preprinted letter concerning Poop and Pee Dog Ceremony -- is this for real? Is this an actual ceremony that got busted? It sounds like an event I would like to have seen on acid but I don't know if I'd take my wife and son!"

Yup, the Poop Dog Ceremony stuff was for real, and was sent in by the main mind behind it all. It was part of the 1983 World SubGenius Convention, which should be enough explanation for anything.

AMERICAN FORUM (50 cents from PO Box 261, Staten Island, NY 10302); This one is a "reader written newsletter for the opinionated". The opinionated readers so far include the Society of Evangelical Agnostics, some UFOlogy types, and various people who want more laws to stop things they think are bad. It's too soon to tell what this one will be when it grows up.

NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT (1600 Woolsey St., Berkeley, CA 94703) is gearing up once again for the 1984 campaign, this time with T shirts, bumper stickers and mugs for sale at various prices. Write for more info.

SWELL PARTY (\$1.37 from Severn Institute, 7 Pafel, Annapolis, MD 21401); Another book of collages and xerox art, but this one actually has a plot, such as it is: the adventures of Joe Normal when someone gives him a pill to have more fun at a party. Cheaper amusement than most xerox-collage projects.

KRUPP MAIL ORDER (PO Box 9090, Boulder, CO, 80301): I guess this is what happened to the Sixties: it's now been packaged on slick paper and is available mail order paid by Mastercard. Psychedelic bathroom curtains (\$25.95), Metal Halide Lights ("for your garden") \$259.95, Body Paint kits (\$6.95) and a lot more stuff including nudie posters, books about drugs ("for information only") and other stuff they figure they can sell.

There's finally a winner to the 4th FACTSHEET FIVE Contest, as J. Edward Du Bois dropped me a line: "FLASH The Bobby-Joe Hendricks Cocktail Lounge appears in Fletch's Fortune", which is absolutely correct. For his perspicacity, Ed wins a lifetime subscription to FF, which should teach him to be perspicacious in public, eh? So, with great fanfare, I announce:

FACTSHEET FIVE CONTEST #5: Just send me an appropriate question (with answer!) for Contest #6. No time limit on this one, I'm going to wait until something comes in which looks perfect to me. I don't want just any old trivia question, but something which is related, however tenuously to FF. The usual prize, a lifetime subscription, will be given away.

DYNAMIC (25 cents from 235 W. 23rd St., Suite 500-1, New York, NY 10011): This is the newspaper of the Young Communist League and is predictably dull. Stuff on the Gus Hall/Angela Davis race for the White House, urgings to Young Communists to register to vote, articles on Ronnie Reagan taking an axe and hacking poor babies to death and an article about capitalism leading to drug abuse in professional athletes. Why don't these people have a sense of humor?

TRASHOLA (\$3.50/year from Jim Morton, 109 Minna St. #583, San Francisco, CA 94105): "The newsletter for the Fan of the Grotesque", this one is scheduled to cease publication this summer but you can still get in on the fun if you're really interested. This one-pager comes out at frequent intervals and exists solely to review such movies as MANSON, PSYCHO II, CHAINED HEAT and MORTUARY. The reviews are surprisingly readable considering the sleaze they talk about.

DISCUSSION BULLETIN (\$1 from PO Box 1564, Grand Rapids, MI 49501): This is another one of the plethora of political apas that have been springing up lately. (An apa, for those not in the know, is an amateur press association, which is basically a collection of non-edited articles from the members assembled into one magazine at some central location) This particular one is devoted to expounding the DeLeonist view of the Social Industrial Union, a concept which I know very little about, but which seems to involve calling everyone "comrade" and arguing a lot about the best way to go about organizing the working class. At least some of the writers do work for a living, which is more than most labor agitators can say.

THE FORERUNNER (\$1 from Box 1799, Gainesville, FL 32601): This is the newsletter of the Maranatha Campus Ministries and is more dangerous nonsense than even Jerry Falwell, if that is possible. Not just pro-censorship arguments and demands for school prayer, the publishers stoop to outright lies when it serves them. For example, the main article in this issue makes the Founding Fathers out to be born-again Christians rather than the Deists that most of them were. This is attempted brainwashing at its most odious, and to my mind is a much more clear and present danger than pornography or right- or left-wing politics.

THE DAILY WORLD (20 cents from 239 W. 23rd St., New York, NY 10011): This year the Daily World--formerly the Daily Worker--celebrated its 60th anniversary, which is a bit mind-boggling considering how little they've accomplished to change the country. These days the Communists are trying to organize the major industrial unions (with, I think, little success), and that's the main theme of the DW, along with articles with their own unique interpretation of the news (for example, did you know that Gary Hart won those primaries because he agreed with the Communists on what was good for America?) A dinosaur beyond its time.



THE VOLUNTARYIST #7 (\$10/year from PO Box 5836, Baltimore, MD 21208): The Voluntaryists are a group trying to change the society we live in through Gandhian peaceful action instead of politics or other violence. Their current hero is Carl Watner, who did time in Allenwood Federal Prison for refusing to co-operate with the IRS. If we all did as Carl, the government would fall, but the problem is that the first couple thousand of volunteers would be martyrs instead of getting freedom for themselves. This issue has an interview with Watner and some other articles on non-violent direct action.

NEW SOLIDARITY (no address given): Keep an eye out for this one in the free stacks at your local university. Though you won't find it stated anywhere, this is the newspaper of lunatic Lyndon LaRouche and his US Labor Party, aimed at college students and other gullible folks. LaRouche propounds this incredibly baroque conspiracy theory to explain the modern world. Smoke some dope, read this and laugh--just don't believe a word of it.

GORE GAZETTE #63 (50 cents from Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, NJ 07042): "Your guide to horror, exploitation and sleaze", this is another magazine for the fan of lousy movies. Not for the weak-stomached: the cover photo of this one is sufficiently gross that I'm not going to describe it further. Far as I can tell, the folks this is aimed at are the ones who actually like blood and guts.

THE HOLLOW HASSLE (\$10/year--no trades--from PO Box 747, Aurora, CO 80040): The official publication of the Hollow Earth Research Association, this one is strictly for the true believer. Lots of stuff on which caves are the hot propests for getting inside, the hows and whys of the underground UFO hangers and so on. I don't know if the editor is gullible or crafty.

COMING CHANGES (\$1.50 from 937 St. Mary's St., De Pere, WI 54115): A newsletter for those who believe the prophecies in Revelations are being fulfilled today and want to rub their hands in glee at the confirmation of their worst nightmares. Earthquakes, blizzards, the computer revolution, the foreign debt, volcanoes, atom bombs, acid rain, pole shifts--you name it, they've got it. A concentrated fix of such nonsense for those that want it.

I can't resist publishing some laudatory remarks from Steve Chaput: "I think that FF serves a purpose that is poorly (if at all) served by most other zines, who take a much narrower perspective, by ignoring those publications which they do not favor...I really do love the new writers that you've brought in. Anni is a joy, and as a comics/graphic arts lover/fan I get a kick out of the comic section (though I have my doubts about that man's knowledge of comics history). I agree with Shane in regard to the missing J. Crawford. Where is Baboon when we need him." And Steve even subscribes! It's people like him who keep me in this business.

THE PLAIN TRUTH 2/84 (Free from Pasadena, CA 91109-9988): It's a bit hard to believe, but Herbie Armstrong and the Worldwide Church of God have been putting this thing out for 50 years now. If you read TPT, you'd know: that technology is evil, that the "new Morality" is ruining our moral fibre, that bad weather is straight out of the Book of Revelations, and that the end of the world is just around the corner.

QUESTION:

Why do you advertise that your concepts were adopted a million years ago more or less?

ANSWER:

One of them assumes that we have a herenow and hereafter which means chance-wise that we had a heretofore.

Send SASE to arithmetically and spiritually sound

HEREBEFORES

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YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

QUESTION:

How would your war-waging concept differ from present tactics?

ANSWER:

A wheel-of-chance for each battalion would contain each combatant's Social Security number. After a battle the wheel would be spun a number of times equal to the number of fallen troops whose number have been scratched. Air and sea men and women could likewise win. Nature demands fair play. Send SASE to war-ending

(90%) WINNERS

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AFTER 2000 AD IF THERE IS A 2000 AD

Many young people will spend some of their time trying to figure out how and why their fore bearers overlooked the simple cures to war, inflation, unemployment and death.

To assure their and our continued existence send SASE

To: 4 WAY HEREBEFORES

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YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

THE OHIO CONNECTION (\$1 from Box 19523, Denver, CO 80219): See, Congress screwed up when they admitted Ohio to the union, so congressmen from that state have been seated illegally, so everything that's been passed since then is technically flawed, so there's really no income tax, no federal reserve, no national debt, and so on. They're giving out cash prizes to the first people to convince a governor of this theory --I don't think they need to worry about paying that money to anyone.

EMANCIPATION #55 (\$5/year from POB 840, Benjamin Franklin Sta., Washington, DC 20044): This, one of the oldest anarchist magazines around, has just undergone a facelift and now has a couple of new departments with snazzy graphics: "History Notes" and "Shop Talk", the latter dedicated to labor organization which is the hot topic for anarchists these days. They continue to carry lots of interesting news and take admirably hardcore stands on most issues.

SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER 3/84 (\$5/year from Rt. 10, Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501): This is sort of the Reader's Digest for libertarians, containing snippets of news from many sources, all designed to upset or inflame us: taxes going up, laws coming down, and so on. The news and articles range the gamut from anarchist to those strange folks who want a "libertarian" president for some reason.

Bob Gillie sends along a little snippet: "Just read this in Eric Hoffer's Before the Sabbath and it reminded me of your comment a few Factsheet Fives ago about Teutonic philosophers:

'It never ceases to amaze me that for over a century brilliant people derived a sense of chosenness from their ability to understand Hegel's Phenomenology.'

THE NEXT STEP is "a conference intended to raise your consciousness, increase your Intelligence, and speculate on the future of Human evolution", featuring Robert Anton Wilson, being held, for some unknown reason, in Clayton, Missouri August 10-11. For more information write to Steve Frischer, 2104a Portis Ave., St. Louis, MO 63110.

ALL SMALL COMICS #3 (50 cents from David Sternlicht, PO Box 3154, Minneapolis, MN 55403): Minneapolis is a traditional center of the bizarre--I think the snow must warp their minds--and this is no exception to the rule. The main feature in this minicomic is "The Horrible Monster From Beyond The Moon", concerning the fatal misadventures of a cute and cuddly alien. I also liked the "Mix 'n Match Make Your Own Rock Video Page". Minicomics are a new artform, only a few pages but only a few pennies, designed to give momentary pleasure for a small price. This one succeeds.

ELITIST ENNUI #18 (editorial whim from Alex McKale, 812 Clark St. #2B, Evanston, IL 60201): This is (or was) an apazine, but is turning into a collection of offbeat news stories as seen by a gay student at Northwestern U. Selections this time include tips on how to beat the polygraph, the rising price of candy bars, and the disappearance of the foreskin of Jesus Christ from a church near Milan.

THE UNICORN Vol. VII #5 (\$10/year from the Rowan Tree, Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN 55408): The Rowan Tree is a "Mystery School", offering mystical training in person and by mail. As a sideline they put out this magazine, containing pagan-oriented poetry, tarot interpretations, herb lore and similar things. There's some material on sexual mysteries but it's not offensive or intrusive.

LIVING FREE #25 (\$1.25 from Jim Stumm, Box 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223): "A personal journal of self liberation", this combines the fields of libertarian thinking and light living to arrive at a recipe for self-liberation, a process which the editor has called "closet libertarianism". Alternative energy sources, cheap food, and living on boats or unclaimed islands are some of the prime topics covered. Jim also has an extensive reprint library of rare libertarian pubs available at reasonable prices--send an SASE for catalog.

EDITIONS CATALOG #684 (\$1 from Editions, Boiceville, NY 12412): The best mail-order used-book service I know of. I'm convinced that if one waits long enough every out-of-print book in the world will show up here. Some of my recent catches have included the 4-volume WORLD OF MATHEMATICS for \$12.50, the Larousse MYTHOLOGY for \$14, and a lot of volumes from the Modern Library for \$3.60 each. There are something like 6500 books listed in every monthly catalog.

A minor complaint from T.S. Child: "Thanks to some of the connections I made through the pages of Factsheet Five my mailing list is swelling uncontrollably. Thanks to you I'm going broke! I'm eagerly dreading the next issue." Well, how do you think I feel; I send trade copies to all of these screwy publications, with a very few exceptions.

MINIFUNCTIONS #4 (25 cents & a stamp from Luke McGuff, Box 3680, Minneapolis, MN 55403): Minifunctions are a new literary form, the written equivalent to minicomics. This issue contains five sci-fi stories, none over seven paragraphs long. Pull it out and read it while waiting in line for a subway token or between classes or on your coffee break. Luke is looking for artists and writers who can handle this format.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN 5/84 (\$2.50 from 415 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017): I don't usually review professional magazines but I'll make an exception in this case to alert the few readers who might be interested to an article called "The Inflationary Universe" in this issue. The new scenario for the origin of the universe proposes the creation of practically everything from practically nothing, and is one of the most exciting bits of cosmology to come along in years. There's also a nice article on Turing Machines in this issue.

DREAMSHORE #11 (\$1 from Jan Byron, 618 S. Mitchell, Bloomington IN 47401): The magazine for modern hippies is coming along nicely on its new monthly schedule. This issue is dedicated to Bob Dylan and consequently has a number of articles on protest songs and other 60s-flavored music, as well as some fiction, play reviews, and a couple of interviews.

STRIKE! #32 (\$4/year from PO Box 284, Main Sta., St. Catherines, Ontario L2R 6T7 CANADA): "The newspaper dedicated to Direct Action" is for revolutionists who are sick and tired of just talking. The editorial stand is strongly pro-labor, feminist and anti-nuke. They're full of rhetoric but I don't know just how much "direct action" they've really participated in.

THE LETTER EXCHANGE #3 (\$2 from PO Box 6218, Albany, CA 94706): This is sort of a pen pals listing for adults instead of teenagers, with various people wanting to correspond on such diverse topics as non-sexist child raising, Nathaniel Hawthorne, existentialism, tennis and freighter travel. Listings are \$4 each. Lately this magazine has branched out to including a few other things, like fanzine reviews and a new plan for rotating letters.



SRAF BULLETIN 86 (\$1 from 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): The newsletter of the Social Revolutionary Anarchist Foundation, this one is put out by a somewhat motley production group of which I am a part. SRAF is a network of anarchist groups, most with a vaguely communist organization, and this is basically an apa for the member groups. Current hot topics include national organizing, computers and anarchists, converting punk rockers and the failure of the deep ecology movement.

STUPID BOY #2 (25 cents from Box 5803, Raleigh, NC 27650): Another mini-comic, this one from Matt Feazell and Randy Carpenter, who have been very active in the genre. Stupid Boy is a stick figure whose main attribute is pretty much what you'd expect from the title. The second feature is "Ant Boy meets Plain Man", which is even moderately amusing.

SPARE CHANGE #7 (\$1 from 2981 Lookout Place NE, Atlanta, GA 30305): An irregular collection of posters, rants, advertisements and pamphlets put out at irregular intervals by conspirator Kerry Thornley, or one of his many impersonators. It's hard to say just what you'll get in any particular issue as they tend to be somewhat personalized, but the latest includes a couple of anarchist posters, an odd little collage and a miniscule editorial page. It's also possible to get your own posters distributed this way; write for details.

MULTINO-TIONALIST (PO Box 811, Junction City, KS 66441): has a number of disturbing anarchist and otherwise revolutionary posters available as a part of the continuing project to overthrow consensus reality by manipulation of the mails. Send him an SASE and see what happens to you.

HERETIC'S JOURNAL Vol. 4 #2 (\$1 from PO Box 12347, Seattle, WA 98111): Editor Ron Heresy sallies forth into another field this issue with a couple of articles attempting an analysis of gender differences and their effect on society, coupled with a companion piece on feminism. There's also astrology, conspiracy theorizing and correspondence from other wierdos.

Valerie Vogt chuckles, "By the way, as a San Francisco Sex Information volunteer I had an entertaining time reading Factsheet Five...because 'FF' is the slang abbreviation for fisting." Hmmm. See what happens when one is young and innocent?

THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #16 (SASE from T.S. Child, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704): gets the award for "humor magazine with the longest title" once again this month. There's a deranged sea chantie, Fruit reviews, selections of the funniest from the establishment press, and of course another installment of that wonderful cartoon "The Bone Family" in this issue. C'mon, you can spare a stamp for this.

THE DROOD REVIEW OF MYSTERY Vol. IV #2 (\$1.50 from Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114): This was the special Boston Mystery Festival issue of this nice little mystery magazine, and as such contains articles on the guests at the festival and reviews of their books. It also has the annual Spring Preview of what to expect from the mystery houses this year. In general, the contents are reviews of mystery books, movies and TV shows, well-written and well-edited. A must for any reader of the field.

DISCO SMOCKO (\$1, I guess, from 2739 Pilsom, San Francisco, CA 94110): Ever see a fanzine printed in silver ink on pink, black and blue paper? After you get this one you'll never want to see another. The contents, as far as I can decipher them, are mostly humor, with the bulk of this issue being what is properly called "sick humor" on the subject of Kevin Collins. Amusing but eyestraining.

NOMOS Vol. 2 #1 (\$3 from 9857 S. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60643): The most ambitious new libertarian periodical to come down the pike in a long time is still going strong after a year in business. Nomos is a joy to behold, typeset and professionally laid out, with articles on various facets of individual liberty from various parts of the ideological spectrum. The editors insist on tolerance of anyone who is headed in the direction of liberty, regardless of little quirks that serve to fragment the movement. This issue has an interesting article on how trade creates money.

ALTERNATE ENERGY TRANSPORTATION Vol. 5 #7 (\$2 from 327 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025 c/o EV Consultants): A news digest that keeps track of alternatives to the internal-combustion gasoline engine, from gasohol to electric cars to fast cycles. It would be difficult to subscribe to enough periodicals to replace this one digest and still get the same amount of information. Items range from chatty to technical depending on the subject.

PREFANZINE #46 (\$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): "The only libertarian sci-fi-apa in the entire friggin' universe", Pref is now under my own gentle guiding hand. It's a friendly place to talk about anarchism and libertarianism, with recent discussions covering such topics as animal rights, the works of Robert Nozick and the pros and cons of nuclear power. The exchange is usually less acrimonious than it is in most leftist forums.

A few notes from Tony Alsobrook-Remmer: "I was greatly amused by Roldo's freek-writings, which seemed to come out of a time-warp from 1971. I'm unfamiliar with Mothers Oats by the Overland Vegetable Stage Coach, but aren't those comix Roldo recommended vintage late 60's/early 70's? I accuse Roldo of living in the past."

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY 4/84 (\$8/year from SIL, PO Box 1147, Warminster, PA 18974): IL continues to maintain high standards, with the continuing Libertarian Calendar and Libertarian News in Brief flanked with longer articles from libertarian thinkers. In this issue there's a revisionist view of Gary Hart and his effect on American politics, focusing in on the much-(justly)-maligned power of the media to sway an election.

THE UPRIGHT OSTRICH Vol. III #4 (\$25/year from PO Box 100787, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310; sample \$3): An upright ostrich is obviously one that doesn't have its head stuck in the sand, and in this case what they're watching out for is those pesky IRS folks. Though their brief to the Supreme Court on the illegality of taxes was rejected, the Ostrich folks are continuing the good fight. This is probably the best introduction to the anti-tax network, and is an excellent course of further ideas.

SWILL (about \$1 from 55 Sutter St. #375, San Francisco, CA 94104); Punk gig reviews, political analysis and Bay Area humor combine in this one to flank the ads from bunches of record shops. It's free in SanFran but I figure you'd better send some postage money if you want to see a copy in Left Flank, Missouri. They call 'em like they see 'em, which leads to snide dismissals of a lot of records.

TIGHT LINES Vol. 4 #2 (\$6/year from GDVKS, PO Box 426, Newfield, NJ 08344): If you're gonna go fly a kite in the Delaware Valley, get in touch with these folks. If you do you'll find 500 others with the same hobby. The newsletter includes kite plans, how to make a helmet for your parachuting teddy bear, the fine art of making a bubble machine (be your own Lawrence Welk!) and a long listing of kite-flying events. I guess the calendar grows exponentially as the Spring winds come in.

Important information from Maia Cowan: "In answer to C.F. Kennedy's question in FF9, way back during the War of Independence somebody got the notion that the Canadians might also want to declare their independence from Britain, and so sent an invasion force up there. I don't know how soundly they were trounced, but they obviously got the message that the Canadians were quite happy the way things were, thank you, and gave up rather quickly (Or maybe somebody foresaw that we'd have enough trouble with Puerto Rico and decided to not risk having to deal with Quebec as well; who can tell?)...Of the bands listed by Shane Williams, I haven't heard of one. All our albums come from the Musical Heritage Society. Does anybody else out there listen to classical music?"

Well, I tune in the classical station on the radio about once a month, but that's about all. For that matter I've never heard most of Shane's bands either, though their names are familiar from trading with punkzines.

EPIA SOCIETY DIGEST (\$1 from PO Box 5611, San Bernardino, CA 92412): To these guys the main evil in the world is the Federal Reserve System, and they spare no effort to smite it hip and thigh every issue. Of course they're upset about the usual associated things as well--income taxes, the rising federal debt, the Bill of Rights--but open any issue and you'll probably find something about the Reserve. Fortunately they also have simple explanations of how this massive shell game works in almost every issue.

CIRCLE A (\$1 from PO Box 77326, Atlanta, GA 30309): This is basically an anarcho-communist magazine, dedicated to smashing the corporations along with the state. Full of energy, reading an issue of Circle A generally makes me want to go out and firebomb a bank. I disagree with their narrow definition of anarchy but that's only a minor quibble; I could stand to live in the society they envision even if it's not the one I see at the end of my own path. An excellent source of reports on protests and demonstrations on the East Coast.

INSIDE JOKE #29 (\$1 from Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Sta., New York, NY 10159): This "newsletter of comedy and creativity" is taking on a new (and better) look since switching to hexaweekly and since Elayne's developed some editorial standards as to what she'd like to publish. The staff writers still have free rein to exercise their (mostly warped) imaginations, but now she's not feeling committed to publishing every piece of writing that wanders in from the street. There are some excellent writers lurking in these pages, even if they do let the likes of me in to play along.

HARVEST Spring '84 (\$1.50 from PO Box 228 Framingham, MA 01701): "A Sirius Journal of Philosophic Meanderings", this is the best neopagan journal that I know of (though I don't claim exhaustive knowledge of the field). The writers in Harvest obviously believe in their religion; it is not just a game for them. Particularly interesting in this issue was an article on Native American spiritual ceremonies and elements of them which could be incorporated into modern neopagan rituals. The letter column is lively and interactive.



AGAINST THE WALL Vol. 12 #5 (\$2 from PO Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091), 15
Articulate proponents of minarchist libertarianism, the staff at ATW continue to turn out a quality product ten times a year. This issue features a particularly hard-hitting open letter to Constitutional Patriots citing chapter and verse of Reagan's betrayal of conservative ideals since taking office. Even if you weren't considering voting for Reagan it's great ammunition against those who still believe any of his pre-election rhetoric from 1980.

MADNESS! #1 (\$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): I've got a finger in a lot of pies these days. Madness! is a new project to encourage self-expression in a variety of ways, aimed at combining art and words in new and strange ways. If that sounds interesting, you can write me for a sample issue or, preferably, do up 1 page of camera-ready copy and send that to me with a buck for inclusion in the next issue. I have no idea where this project is headed but #1 looks intriguing to me.

OCTAGRAM #4 (25 cents from Maia Cowan, 652 Cranbrook Rd. #3, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013): This issue of the all-book-review zine actually covers a few books that I've read: Drawing Down the Moon and Gods of Riverworld. These reviews confirm for me that Maia knows what she's talking about. The bad news is that, due to pressures of school, Octagram #5 probably won't be out until this fall. However, you can probably still get a copy of #4 if you write soon.

THE PV NETWORK NEWS (\$10/year from 10615 Chandler Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601): This is another pretty specialised publication, dealing almost entirely with using solar cells. Lots of useful technical information, articles on how to best implement photocell power, an extensive networking section and, best of all, they can get you discounts on photoelectric equipment. Subscribe to this before you buy.

MAMBO PRESS UPDATE 2/84 (around \$1 from 159 Burr Rd #2, San Antonio, TX 78209): Published by a bunch of people that you wouldn't want in your living room -- at least not if you live in a respectable suburb -- MPU is guaranteed to surprise you every issue. The only common denominator is a fascination with rude, crude and disgusting things and a certain fixation on chickens. If you're feeling adventurous send for a copy; if really adventurous ask for the issue with the story of Lt. T.S. Noble.

TACTICS OF THE MOVEMENT OF THE LIBERTARIAN LEFT #7 (\$1 from MLL, PO Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801-1748): 1984 is the crucial year for the MLL. Having predicted war in Central America right around the fall elections, MLL is gearing up for a membership drive on college campuses this fall. Of course if nothing happens we'll be a laughingstock, but think of how it'll look if the Continental Strategist is right. The MLL philosophy is generally anarchist and free-market; coupled with revisionist history this leads to some amazing theories on occasion.

WIGGANSNATCH #7 (\$1 from 701 31st Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144): This is Laughing Otter's cheerfully irreverent pagan fanzine, now merged with The Deva's Advocate to take on even more bizarre Discordian overtones. Dream interpretation and astrology vie for space with smartassery and Erisian propaganda. This one has more of the features of an SF fanzine than most pagan zines, including the traditional lettercol and lots of reviews of other zines.

ST. PRIAPUS CHURCH NEWSLETTER 4/84 (\$1 from 583 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102): "Sex can destroy evil" but apparently it can't tackle the postmaster as mailing hassles have been holding up their distribution. These folks run services and a gay rescue mission in SF and are looking for support.

PROMETHEUS Vol. 2 #1 (\$8/year from LFS, c/o Ben Olson, RR1 Box 114, Pocahontas, IA 50574): This is the newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society, dedicated to sneaking libertarianism into sci-fi fandom through its connection with futurism. To date, their main activity seems to have been the reviewing of libertarian SF books, but there are hints of some interesting battles to be fought, for example between government space-program advocates and free marketeers.

WALLPAPER Vol. 3 #1 (25 cents from PO Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619): A clever little humor magazine. Wallpaper is deserving of your support. It has been rhetorically asked "Can anything good come out of Jersey," but in this case the answer is a resounding 'yes!' If you send them \$4 for a subscription you'll get on their good side and receive all sorts of free goodies and invitations to parties and who knows what all. Me, I'm waiting to see how "Bagels, the continuing saga" ends up.

A plea from Garrett O'Hara: "If anybody gives a shit, two prisoners of the state, who have no family (to speak of anyway) would love hearing from anybody--Emery Allen Beverlin, 07019-218, PO Box 1000, Oxford, WI, 53952 and Dennis R. Ezekiel 6-K, EF-160997, LCI PO Box 399, Leesburg, GA 31763". Well, they'll be getting free copies of PF and who knows what else now. Do people think there is need for yet another prisoners' address column? I already know of four or five, but if anyone wants to be mentioned here, just let me know--how about it, you prisoners already on my list?

THE MAPLE LEAF RAG #3 (50 cents from Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St, Victoria, BC V8V 3E1 CANADA): is an attempt at "a Canadian national newszine". Not being too familiar with Canadian fandom, I can't tell how much of a need this is filling, but Garth is an interesting writer. Fanzines, conventions, a TAFF ballot and lots of gossip are the ingredients in the mix so far, and it seems to be still growing. Garth was, last I heard, looking for someone to write about fan news in eastern Canada: perhaps one of my Toronto or Montreal readers could help him out?

THE LIBERTARIAN DIGEST Vol. 3 #7-8 (\$1 from 1920 Cedar St., Berkeley, CA 94709): This is somewhere between being a digest and an index to some 20 different libertarian periodicals. If you don't want to subscribe to everything and yet would like to keep a watch out for articles on some particular subject, this is a very valuable resource.

ALABAMA LIBERTY (PO Box 11514, Birmingham, Ala. 35202-1514): This one is the newsletter of the Alabama Libertarian Party, and is pretty much of purely local interest. It might be of interest to other activists in the South, but that's about it.

NAAN 14 (\$1 from PO Box 7033, Boulder, CO 80306): NAAN is the North American Anarchist Network, another struggling anarchist apa. It's been plagued by problems and has recently changed editors but seems to be recovering now. The latest issue was 44 pages, and topics included Wilhelm Reich, tax resistance, and the relationship between ends and means. With a totally open publication policy, NAAN has collected writings from anarchists who have been driven out of some other networks.

OVERTHROW Vol. 6 #1 (\$10 a year from Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013): The Yippies are still at it and as funny as ever. The lead articles in this one are about the real reason for US intervention in Lebanon: to keep the heroin pipelines open. (The Yippies are heavy into conspiracy theory). '1984' scare stories, the Grenada invasion, forming a US Green Party and demonstrating to disrupt the Republican convention in Dallas are some of their other current concerns. A lot of newspaper for the money.

FLIPSIDE 41 (\$1 from PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608): 64 pages of tiny print exhaustively covering all aspects of the punk music scene. Letter, record and band reviews, interviews, lots of photos and an incredible amount of other things. The Flipside letter column has always been a sort of open political forum, and in this issue they've printed an extra 6 pages containing letters speculating specifically on what 1984 holds for the movement. These people are proof positive that music can make you think.

THE DUPLIX PLANET #55 (\$1 from David B. Greenberger, 16 University Rd. #2, Brookline, MA 02146): Duplex Planet is a sort of oral history project, being put together out of interviews with residents at a local nursing home, talking about every subject imaginable. This particular issue is a memorial issue for Ken Eglin, and consists solely of his record reviews, which are interesting and insightful.

17
THE CONNECTION #118 (\$1 from Erwin S. Strauss, 9850 Fairfax Sq. #232, Fairfax, VA 22031); TC is the oldest of the libertarian apas and perhaps the most intellectual, though it walks a fine line between serious discussion and meaningless quibbling. Recent discussion topics include the prospects for a "water fountain economy", Jesus: Messiah or Madman?, the ethics of shooting tax collectors, and Godel's proof. A freewheeling arena for any subject, no holds barred. The basic bias is capitalistic, but recently an orthodox Communist has shown up.

HIMALAYAN NEWS March/April '84 (Free from RD 1, Box 88, Honesdale, PA 18431); This is mostly the advertising organ of Swami Rama and his Himalayan Institute (a great band name, eh?), but also contains a few articles worth reading if you're interested in Indian philosophy. I also find the Institute's ads to be quite funny, as they seem to be selling suburban enlightenment, with tennis clinics mixed in with the yoga.

Dave Szurek pleads: "I wish you had a lettercol, as I've become hooked on such sections over the years. Lettercols are, even if there's no chance that I'm represented, the first thing I read in a fanzine. When you do print a letter excerpt I wish you'd identify the author."

Well, the latter I've started doing now, so I hope you're happy. As for the former: I like lettercols, but they have a nasty tendency to grow without limit and I can't afford the space. My first fanzine had one, and if I inherit from a rich uncle this one will get one, but other than that there's little or no chance.

THE OFFENSE NEWLETTER #41 (50 cents from PO Box 12614, Columbus, OH 43212); The editor may be the only one left in the country with unprinted Baboon Dooley cartoons, and that's enough reason to send for a copy right there. Even if he runs out before the next issue, though, you'll still get a nice selection of record reviews, stupid letters with snotty answers, and one of the most thoroughly updated listings of punkzines anywhere.

THE PSYCHOZOIC PRESS #7 (\$2 from 2121 Braley Rd., Coos Bay, OR 97420); This journal of recreational pharmacology continues to grow, with over 80 pages in this issue. Topics range from the fairly normal ("LSD vs. Insanity") to the exotic ("The Lepiota Peele Mushroom"), and the articles alternate with bits of homey, acidhead philosophy, book reviews, and news about marijuana legalization initiatives. You can't buy drugs from these folks, but you might get ideas as to what you want to look for.

And that, my friends, is that. At least as far as the fanzine reviews go. Things are getting a bit out of hand-- I've got to stop letting this go until the last possible moment each quarter. Won't you send some cash to buy wider margins for little Mikey? Your eyes will thank you for it.

Don't go away now. The rest of the staph is right around the corner.



Jeffrey
Culley 1980

BASEBALL. HOT DOGS. CAPTAIN AMERICA & ME

by Robert Gillie

"Whanne in Aprille..." One of those classic April showers, celebrated in song as a positive influence on May flowers, has passed, and I am back from singing in the rain. Looking back on it all now, winter seems much longer than it probably was when I was going through it. But it surely has been a long time since I had the pleasure of appearing in these pages (when you miss an issue of a quarterly, you really miss an issue). Our benevolent Aeditor, He Who Is Like God, explained away my absence last time by saying I was "on vacation in the south of Botswana, doing research on native herbal preparations." Our Aeditor was being a bit facetious, as well as making allusions to several old private jokes.

It's quite simple, actually. The cause of my disappearance can be found in the tragic defeat of the Phillies and the dismal end of the baseball season. No more crack of the bat, no more roar of the crowd, no more fights at home plate, the clouds move in, the swallows leave Capistrano, comics somehow begin to seem to be every rude thing that one of our Canadian friends insists they are, and life itself takes on a greyish color, like an old and battered filing cabinet.

Oh yes. The importance of baseball in human events has been greatly misunderstood.

However, although I probably could discuss baseball--or auto repair--for the entire column, I am supposed to review them funnybooks. Mike does the fanzines and the books, Anni the movies, Shane the music, Roldo God's mistakes in ordering the cosmos, and I them funnybooks. Spring has come, the birds sing, the Orioles are at the bottom of the standings and comics are once more profoundly wonderful. What else can I say? "His enthusiasm far outstrips his qualifications." That says it all, I think. So, on with the enthusiasm!

This time, oh boy, you betcha, we got some gr-r-r-reat stuff (as Tony the Tiger would put it) here. Loyal fans may recall that last time I spoke briefly about the surprising renaissance of The Mighty Thor, one of Marvel's old workhorses, under the direction of Walter Simonson. A year ago after reading Thor #336, I had a sneaking intuition that a profound change would come in the life and chronicles of the Thunder God. Well, I was correct. From #337 onwards to the present (#346 having just come out last week) I have been amazed by and entranced with Simonson's stories and artwork, and above all with the visionary transformations he has wrought in Thor.

Before #337 I was reading Thor out of a sense of obligation and duty -- I read many comics every month, searching for the Good Stuff to bring here for your pleasure, and I have to wade through a lot of mud to get to the High Ground sometimes. I'd almost given up and was ready to stop reading Thor, but now I look forward to each issue with great anticipation, intrigue and wonder. Thor is not just another costumed superhero, after all, some "Element Lad" or "Trout Boy". He is a god and deserving of adventures befitting his status and demanding his divine attributes. Simonson has given him such adventures and splendidly drawn and written as well. Thor's recent adventures have the true flavor of a saga about them. I don't recall if there ever was a Malekith the Accursed in the old myths -- I know there was never a Beta Ray Bill -- but the current events in Thor's corner of the cosmos have the feel of wind snapping in the sails and the tang of salt in the air. They have something of the epic about them.

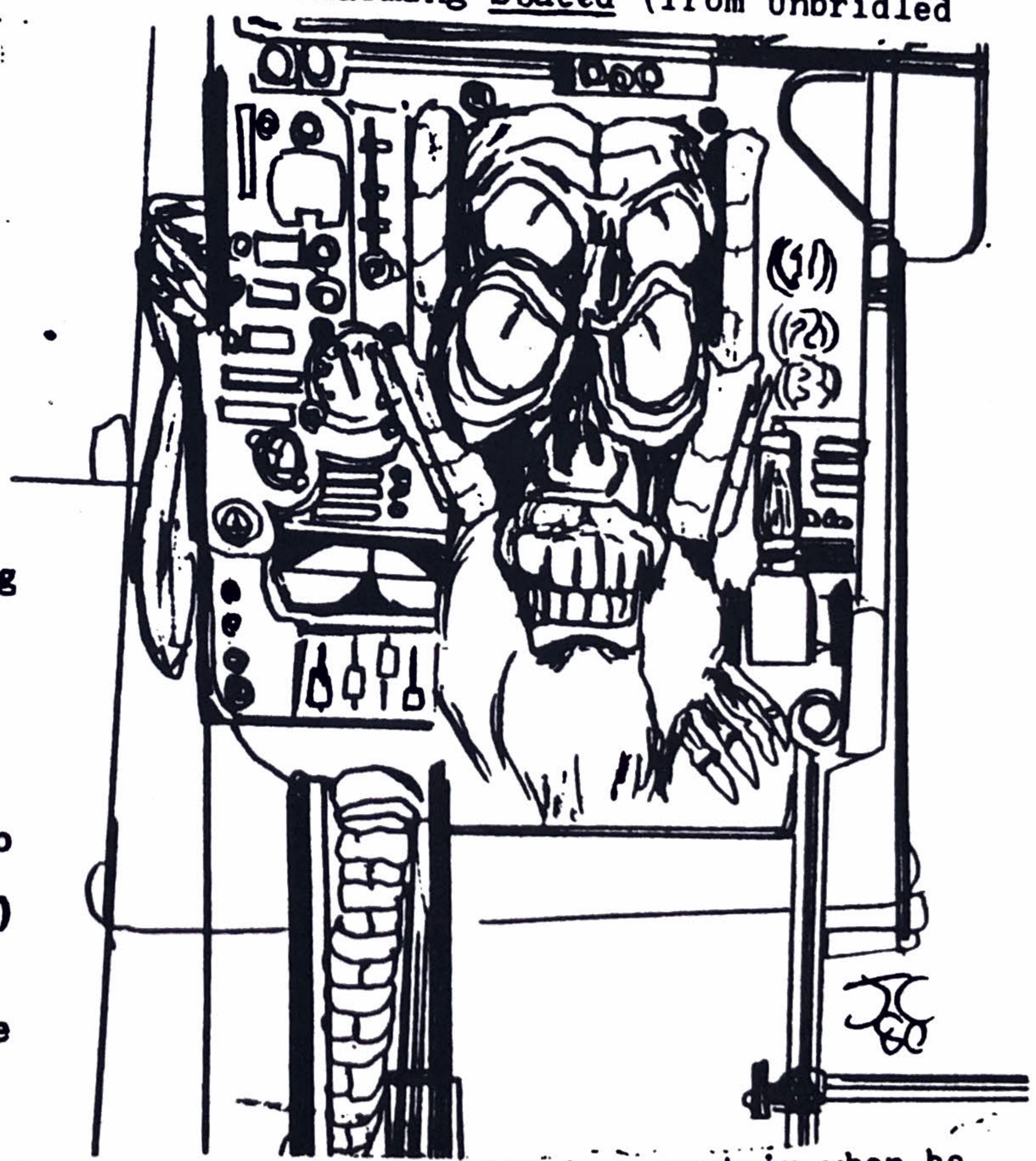
Also of epic proportions are the continuing adventures of Reuben Flagg, Martian, former television star, former Plexus Ranger and current revolutionary of the City of Chicago in A.D. 2033, as recorded by Howard Chaykin in American Flagg (First Comics). The wit, unpredictability and flatout sophistication of this comic continues right along as Flagg and Company prepare for their confrontation with John Scheiskopf (what a wonderful name!), the American Survivalist Labor Committee and the Gotterdammerkrats (21st century America's Nazis). The rightful King of England has been liberated from prison, Raul the talking cat has acquired a pair of bionic hands (or are they waldoes?) (Our Aeditor would know), heroic and deplorable acts fill the pages, and the revolution will be televised -- next issue. I would say more, but even Our Aeditor reads this one now.

purporting to be of epic proportions but so far hardly proving to be so is Marvel's new limited series Secret Wars. What happened, see, is that suddenly all the big name superheroes in the Marvel Universe -- the Avengers, the Uncanny X-Men, the Incredible Hulk, the Fantastic Thor and the Amazing Spider-Man -- along with all the big name bad guys -- Doctor Doom, Magneto, and a gang of other boring hoodlums with personality problems -- get themselves transported to Somewhere Else by some incredibly powerful Alien Being or Force or Plant Creature, for reasons known only to the Alien Whatsit Itself (though strikingly reminiscent of the Star Trek episode where Kirk and Spock meet the Honest Abe Lincoln and UltraVulcan and fight great bad guys from the past) (all those TV programs go somewhere after we broadcast them, you know, and maybe Someone Somewhere is going to start getting strange ideas). The trick here is that it all happened in a week or so -- although the series will take a year to complete -- and everyone's already back and carrying on like usual in their regular comics. Oh, the Spider-Man got himself a new suit, and She-Hulk is now a member of the Fantastic Four, and the Thing is no longer a Thing, and some other cute things.

But the series Secret Wars itself is boring. This bunch of guys fight this other bunch of guys. The bunches argue amongst themselves. The bad guys argue more, and for worse reasons. No one makes any good jokes, not even the Spider-Man. The artwork is very mediocre. Dull dull dull my God it's dull.

Anything but dull is the new and charming Spaced (from Unbridled Ambition) (what a great name for a publishing company).

This comic, the product of Tom Stazer and John Williams, allows us all here on earth to join the valiant officers and crew of the USS Pragmatic as they explore the mysteries of the Universe. The Pragmatic is an interesting ship, crewed by men, women and other things far more fascinating than those anonymous crewmen striding down the corridors of the USS Enterprise. One crewman builds a house of cards during a priority briefing, another dreams of what he would do if he were Captain ("You have to have discipline! Discipline and beatings!") The science officer, an eggheaded alien from the planet Inebria by the name of Lip, is definitely not an unemotional being guided by logic. The



beautiful, brilliant computer expert tried to kill her captain when he unplugged the ship's main computer (which has a disturbing habit, in the tradition of HAL 9000, of referring to itself as "God"). The Pragmatic's Captain, Orson Grok, often seems bemused by the activities that take place on his ship ("Fourteen hours before our scheduled launch, a power surge prematurely activated our launch sequence. I'm happy to report that the ship's performing much better than expected, in fact we have actually covered millions of miles more than our original plan had called for. Although at the moment we do not know exactly where we are, one thing is certain. We are here fourteen hours ahead of schedule.") No wonder.

This entertaining science-fiction parody is mostly well-drawn and quite well written. Spaced #4, "Justice", also contains elements of Perry Mason and every courtroom drama you've ever seen, and the combination of starship technology and legal intrigue provides even more material for parody, and works quite well indeed. Spaced is gentle, somehow; it bears no grudges and pokes fun in a delightful way. Get in on this one. According to Stazer, "...from here on in, the ride gets really unusual."

New from First Comics this month is Grimjack, created by John Ostrander and Timothy Truman. Now, Grimjack is a character who has appeared in various comics that I have not read myself (yet), Warp and Starslayer (both also from First). Ostrander, who developed the original

20 idea, writes that Grimjack is the result of his efforts to combine the genres of sword-and-sorcery and hard-boiled detective fiction; in other words, a "hard-boiled barbarian" who runs a bar and works as a private investigator. "I don't get many clients looking for the truth," Grimjack explains in the first few pages of his first comic. "When they come to me, they're in trouble, or they want some. I bust people out of prison, hunt down vampires, fight alien gods -- all the fun jobs people are too squeamish or too polite to do themselves. Call me a mercenary. Call me an assassin. Call me a villian. I am all that and more."

It's an intriguing idea, especially for fans of Sam Spade, the Continental Op, and Phillip Marlowe. Grimjack is more like a Hammett detective than a Chandler one -- his personal morality is somewhat hard to establish, and it is difficult to imagine Grimjack being taken advantage of the way Marlowe was in The Long Goodbye. It's not an heroic saga by any means, as Grimjack has few of the hero's virtues, except that he is good with sword and pistol and fists. Too early to tell, perhaps, but it could be very entertaining to watch this hardboiled barbarian do his clients' jobs for them in the streets of "the pandimensional city of Cynosure...where the multiverse meets, and reality is relative to where you're standing; it can change sometimes from block to block." Tough talking alien gangsters, too.

Stepping back into the Marvel Universe for a moment: New Mutants #18, "Death Hunt", is a stunning issue, including even the cover, which is a real eye-catcher. The story involves the confrontation of Danielle Moonstar, one of Professor Xavier's (of X-Men fame) young students, with the bear that murdered her parents. Whether this bear is only a bear, or Something else, is one of the intriguing questions brought up in this chapter of one of my favorite series. Professor Xavier gets blasted away from the window by artillery fire -- or does he? -- and we meet a young woman who remembers her whole life, even though most of it hasn't happened yet. There's a cliffhanger of an ending and the artwork by Bill Sienkiewicz is astounding. His lines are delicate and gently flowing and the patterns of color and darkness are especially nice. Pretty as a picture.

I've saved the best for last. My gloomy grey baseball-less winter was brightened immeasurably one day when I stopped by my neighborhood comics store and my eye was caught by a picture of Wolverine (one of the Uncanny X-Men) gracing the cover of an unfamiliar magazine. I picked it up, opened it, and at once began to laugh. On the first page I saw a slender woman pulling someone dressed as Wolverine up a flight of stairs, wondering why it was that the hard-to-lift ones always pass out downstairs.

She wasn't doing it alone; she was being helped by a small grey aardvark. I've loved aardvarks since the fifth grade. I was hooked.

And that was how I met Cerebus the Aardvark, starring player in Cerebus (Aardvark-Vanaheim, Inc.), which is probably the single most amazing comic being produced today. Dave Sim, creator of Cerebus, began doing a parody of sword-and-sorcery stories, telling the adventures of "Cerebus the Barbarian". Gradually, however, the series developed beyond this humble start into a complexly plotted tale of byzantine politics and intricate personal relationships, into a virtual history of a society's emergence from a Dark Ages.

Fortunately, Cerebus never lost its sense of humor, even though it took on the weightier topics of politics, religion, and sex:

"'So long as I live,' he swears to the snow shrouded mountains, 'freedom shall be safe from democracy...'"

"'I think he's completely lost his mind...'"

"'That's okay -- you don't miss what you never had in the first place.'"

And Cerebus' commentary is sometimes fairly profound:

"Don't become entranced with a charismatic leader who loves power and wields it enthusiastically unless you're prepared to live with the consequences."

Or:

"Power is a very strange thing. When you are Prime Minister, no one can say 'no' to you or you have them executed. But there are different ways of saying 'no'. You can tell Cerebus you are 'studying the matter' or that you are 'encountering problems'. If you are told to do it Cerebus' way you'll go away grumbling and you won't do a good job because you want to prove that Cerebus was wrong to tell you to do it that way. So Cerebus has the choice of getting the job done right your way or done wrong Cerebus' way. The longer Cerebus went through this crap, the more he realized why Lord Julius runs Palnu the way he does. No one listens anyway, so why try to make sense? An aide came in and said 'The Abbess is revolting.' Cerebus waggled his eyebrows and said 'I'll say she is' and he went

away. "That was when Cerebus realized that he was not going to last very long as Prime Minister if he didn't start drinking more..."

The artwork is fantastic.

How can I really describe this comic to you? Cerebus gets himself involved in the politics of the city-state of Iest, puts on a suit and tie, gets elected Prime Minister of Iest and gets himself deposed -- and winds up Prime Minister again. Along the way observations are made about greed, power, leadership, responsibility, unity, friendship and apricot brandy. There is also some pretty good slapstick.

I've pondered this matter of trying to explain Cerebus to you all for several months now and all I can really come up with is this, everybody run out and buy three consecutive issues (any three, but they should be consecutive). Cerebus is not one of those things you just jump into and immediately understand, somewhat like the declension of Russian nouns or marriage or indeed life itself, but like all those things it is very much worth the time and effort needed to understand it. Just the best thing on the market.

Well, that's probably more than enough for now. This weekend I will be attending a comics convention in Oakland, and so next time I will tell you all about the strange forms of life I'll no doubt encounter there. And I'll be going to some baseball games, but I imagine you probably wouldn't be too interested in hearing about them. Pity, See you next time then.

Some day I really will talk about Captain America, I really will...

THE MYTH OF GREATNESS

Solving the Gear Shift Problem

by Julie Summers

For a good part of my life I've suffered from the "I want to be great" syndrome. I thought I should invent something fabulous, discover a cure, or win a Nobel prize. There's nothing wrong with these feats per se, however attaching great importance to doing them can pale everything else to insignificance. Consequently I was receiving little or no pleasure from solving personal problems and accomplishing everyday tasks, since they weren't advancing me towards anything "great". Finally I admitted to myself that I probably never would invent anything tremendous or discover a miraculous cure. Few people ever do. The chances of my numbering among them are small, especially since I'm not interested in doing scientific or experimental research on a grand scale.

So I decided I could take just as much pleasure from my small everyday triumphs (and the larger, less frequent ones) as from getting a Nobel prize -- if I chose to.

It was just the other day that I realized the choice I'd taken and the difference it has made in my life. The gear shift on my bike had been working poorly but I wasn't sure where the problem was. I decided to try some oil, even though I doubted that it would work. But sure enough it did. I'd solved the gear shift problem! It wouldn't make the papers. I'd be no closer to a Nobel. But so what? In my new frame of reference that didn't stop me from celebrating my victory.

I wonder how many people are moping around, like I was, unable to take joy from their everyday accomplishments, because they accept the culture's grandiose definition of achievement, which puts greatness out of reach of all but a few. For someone being used to gold stars being assigned by another it's difficult to redefine what merits them and to start giving them to oneself, but it can be done.

((Julie's hints on how to live well on little money appear regularly in Message Post, the portable dwelling newsletter about camping, wandering and living lightly; sample \$1, POB 190, Philomath, OR 97370)).

PENPED IN

by Shane Williams

For all ERISIANS (worshippers of the Goddess of Discord--remember--the bitch who started the Trojan Wars):

Industrial Music: what is is and why is it. Perhaps the name has stuck because the premiere band of the genre named its record label INDUSTRIAL RECORDS. I'm speaking of Throbbing Gristle, now deceased, but who opened a lot of eyes and pleasurably tormented plenty of ears in the late 70's and early 80's

For instance, at one of their first concerts they shone a powerful spotlight on the audience, blinding them. Their female member, known as Cosey di Panni Tutti, once had an art exhibition where she hung up her used Tampax.

Maybe the music is Industrial because of some of the "instruments" used. Think about this: EINSTURZEN NEUBATEN played a gig in London with synthesizers -- and hammers, a cement mixer, a drill and a chainsaw. And in the course of the evening the audience tried to haul the electrical generator into their midst. By the end of the set the stage was destroyed, major power lines beneath the stage had been missed by only inches, and even the artist wielding the chainsaw was almost dragged into the audience of flailing limbs.

I guess it's debateable whether they are the current most monolithic Industrial band, or whether that title goes to S.P.K. (stands alternatively for Surgical Penis Klinik or System Planning Korporation). While not creating quite as life-endangering a situation physically, they claim to explore psychotic noise with unknown psychological effects. Quoted on the liner notes of their cassette tape THE LAST ATTEMPT AT PARADISE they say, "Most of what's valuable actually happens in the screaming range of 500 Hz. The things that distress humans are in this range. Infant screams and things like that."

Earlier they say, "The mind is the center of revolutionary activity. Ultimately that's where it comes down to. You're not really repressed by the State apparatus. You are oppressed by yourself; by your own inability or your own desire to consent to be normal, your own inhibition. What we're trying to do is a shock thing. To shock you out of this complacency."

In an English fanzine a performance of theirs was described thusly: "Performed on a



bleakly lighted stage, the music consisted of pre-programmed synth backing rhythms, some funk-oriented bass lines and ethereal chanting female vocals--all underpinned by a constant, brutal barrage of percussion. Using drills, oil drums, fire extinguishers, cymbals and various sheets and blocks of metal in a mixture of violent cacophony and tightly controlled rhythm, the band built up a violent and disturbing sound without any ready comparison."

Two more proponents are TEST DEPARTMENT and SOME BIZARRE, both Brit bands (S.P.K. originated Down Under). Imagine a man naked from the waist up conducting a symphony of noise while slides are projected all around him of agit-prop of all stripes and colors.

Imagery of wires, pipes, chemical terminals, pylons, blast furnaces, cables -- the white heat of technical revolution eulogized by an epiphany of white noise. A CATHARSIS OF CACOPHONY.

And in America the borderline between performance art and rock and roll contains creatures much more challenging than Laurie Andersen --there's Johanna Went for example, who creates her own language as she screams and babbles while she rips off and puts on an array of fabricated costumery. And then there's Z'EV, known for putting various objects inside of 5 gallon plastic containers and swinging them around like a wild man in a percussive display as they hit other more solid objects and the stage; NON(BOYD RICE) whose first record had two holes and could be played with either one at center producing different music entirely along with the advice to play at any and all speeds; Mark Pauline, who builds automata and blows them up...he's lost a few fingers already in pursuit of excellence; SAVAGE REPUBLIC, who are perhaps too sinuous to be Industrial Music, but who qualify by virtue of their origin as THE TUNNELTONES; BRIDGE and PROJECT 197, where great attention was paid to the ambience of where the music was recorded, as in under bridges, in a tunnel, and in a parking lot.

There are also other British Bands (and European, I'm not even positive which these are) that need mentioning: like LUST MORTE, COME ORG. and WHITEHOUSE (whose LP Psycopathia Sexualis actually contain recordings of a few sexual psychopaths of historic values intertwined with the noise).

So the next time you want to test yourself to see if you're really a radical why not go to get assaulted by some noise? NON has been quoted as saying that a gig isn't successful unless 90 per cent of the audience leave holding their ears in pain.

Forget Black Magic -- the only rituals that are effective any more are the ones we create for ourselves out of the whole cloth of the now -- if you worship Eris, if you believe in Spiritual Entropy, if you are a connoisseur of noise you owe it to yourself to hear some of these bands. They make punk rock and heavy metal seem like Liberace in comparison.

Ramblings

by Kerry Thornley

So let me tell you about the great ideas that have been caged here like panthers in my mind.

Did Lee Harvey Oswald belong to a secret society dedicated to the teachings of George Orwell? Did John Glenn frame Lee Oswald? Did the World Health Organization shoot J.F.K.? For the answer to these and other mysteries bury a cigar box in your back yard and an underground agent of the Illuminati will contact you shortly with an invitation to appear on Family Feud. Win big prizes, a case of Nutrasweet and a year's supply of Pepsi-Cola, just for starters.

Then I think: what if that thing about Oswald is true? Then what about the bells? "When will you pay me, say the bells of Old Bailey?" What about them bells? So I figure it is going to take a Revisionist History of the Movement of Historical Revisionism. Find out where Harry Gomer Barnes and James J. Martin and these guys were getting their bread. What were their old ladies like? How many of them knew in advance about the John Kennedy assassination? Why was J. Don Lewis making bullets and reading Stirner and Rothbard in the basement of Robert LeFevre's Freedom School in 1964?

Self-Reliance Tips

from HOMESTEADERS NEWS
NAPLES, NY 14612

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A POLE CONSTRUCTION HOME FOR \$3,000

Pole construction for homes is being accepted more and more in the East, since its 30-year head start on the West Coast. It requires less site preparation than conventional building methods, and can be built using a wood floor over very rough ground and hillsides. It does not require severe alteration of the environment and a lot of money is saved by eliminating the necessity of a masonry foundation. It is a very versatile building method, since it can also be used on a level site with a dirt or gravel floor, and a blacktop or cement slab added as time and money permits.

Only basic tools and skills are needed for construction. (We know a builder who will use the owner's family for a crew!) Rough lumber or salvaged materials can be used effectively, and it is adaptable to clear span trusses or common rafters. It is the quickest of all methods to erect, since the roof goes on directly after the poles are set. Our pole building was up -- with roofing on -- in only four days!

You can contract to have the poles set and plates and rafters installed, then complete the work yourself at any point agreed to. That's a great advantage for anyone with limited money, tools, or skills.

Here is a building that is extremely strong (poles are into the ground four to six feet), very flexible, and wind resistant. The floor, walls and roof are tied to the poles, which acts as the foundation, the bracing, and the frame of the building all in one. It is popular with Californians, since it is not likely to blow over, slide down a hill, or collapse during an earthquake.

Best of all, cheaper and fewer materials are used. There is no need for scaffolding, or for forms, or for special equipment. And much less labor is required than for a conventional frame house.

HOW THE HUNZAS LIVE TO BE ONE HUNDRED

The Hunzas are the homesteaders of the Himalayan mountains. They are strong, healthy, courageous, bright and full of cheerfulness. They are reputed to be among the healthiest people of the world. To live 100 years and still work vigorously every day is common. Cancer is unknown. Disease is extremely rare. It is said to be a usual thing for a man to walk sixty miles to a town, do business, and return the same day. A visitor said, "A Hunza made a hole in the ice at either side of a broad pond. He dived in at one hole, swam under the ice, and came out at the other for enjoyment."

They excel as mountain climbers, agriculturists, craftsmen and dancers. They are an agricultural people, but in carrying heavy loads over mountains "they know neither the fear nor the weariness which spoils the will" of other climbers.

They work 2 or 3 hours in the fields before breakfast. They use compost privies to enrich their gardens. The whole family works happily in the open air. Here is their diet: grains, wheat, barley and buckwheat.

Leafy green vegetables, peas and beans. Chick peas and other legumes. Fresh whole milk, buttermilk, butter and cheese. Fruit, chiefly apricots and mulberries, both fresh and dried, and grape wine.

The Hunza are lacto-vegetarians (except for festival feasts). They prefer vegetables raw and fresh from the garden. Fond of raw green corn, young leaves, carrots, turnips and sprouted legumes and young green shoots. Cooked vegetables are steamed, and they drink the water they're steamed in. There is no soaking or excess washing or cooking of vegetables, which are eaten skins and all.

Fruit is the Hunza staple, and apricot is the main fruit: fresh, dried, seed and seed oil. They do not eat sugar, rice, tea or eggs.

Their diet and agricultural practices are credited for their extraordinary health. They never use chemicals or pesticides on their gardens. They compost heavily, and keep plant growth on the soil to prevent erosion.



STARS ON ONE

25

by Anni Ackner

I think it's only fair to let you know right at the start that this is not the article I'd intended to write. The article I'd intended to write, you see, was this devastatingly funny little satire that managed to lampoon both the "adult" television series FALCON CREST and the "adult" comic book series ELF QUEST (two eminently lampoonable forms of entertainment, if you want MY opinion) all at the same time. I was going to call it -- and if you couldn't work this one out for yourself there's a strong possibility that you're still wondering why the moron threw the clock out of the window -- ELVENCREST and I had all these wonderfully elfy names like Shelf Life and Red Zinger and Sky Cap picked out and all the adorable forest dwellers were going to dirty deal each other out of dreamberries and go to bed with each other's lifemates (which, judging from the last couple of issues of the comic book, the more or less do anyway) and push each other off their wolves so they'd be crippled for life and get amnesia and honestly, it really would have been a scream, and I had my acceptance speech for the fan Hugo all written and everything. However, after trying what I still consider to be my wonderful idea out on a couple of formerly close friends and causing them to give forth with peals of puzzled silence, I began, reluctantly, to have second thoughts about the matter.

After all, I reasoned, my friends are fairly normal, average, everyday types -- one of them even owns a Walkman -- and if they're having trouble comprehending the beauty of this concept, then perhaps there's something wrong, not with the concept itself, of course, but with the ability of normal, average, everyday types to grasp it. As I wasn't likely to be able to change people's appreciative facilities in the space of six typewritten pages, it seemed only logical -- albeit disappointing -- to take the course of least resistance, find out what other people wanted to read, and write about that, instead. So thinking, I questioned my friends -- right before I ripped their phone numbers out of my little book -- as to their preferences for subject matter for this column. To a person they replied, and in reasonably strident voices, that they wished, above all other things, to read about the Academy Awards.

Naturally, I was crushed. You have to admit that it's rather a long jump from the Sybaratic denizens of ELVENCREST to the film industry's annual festival of egoboo and, my leaping abilities not being entirely up to snuff, I wasn't at all sure that I could handle it. Still, you know, even I had to concede that there was a certain amount of sense to the thing. Not everyone reads ELF QUEST, not everyone watches FALCON CREST, but everyone tunes in to the Academy Award ceremonies.

Oh yes you do, even if you tell people you only do it during the break between NOVA and MASTERPIECE THEATRE. Don't try to kid me, buddy. I've seen you. Watching the Academy Awards is one of those things -- like masturbating, stealing office supplies and eating with your fingers when no one else is around -- that nobody will actually admit to doing, but everybody does. Oscar Night is probably the one evening of the year when it's possible to purchase a couple of really good seats for TORCH SONG TRILOGY without having to buy Harvey Fierstein a nice present first, and it's a proven scientific fact that no baby has ever been born exactly nine months from the time of the broadcast. Academy Award watching is a national pastime which, while it probably hasn't yet attained the scope of the Super Bowl, easily rivals that of the Miss America Pageant (which, by the way, it strongly resembles) and exceeds that of any major political party's presidential nominating convention (to which it also bears an almost frightening similarity).

For myself, I harbour a very nearly morbid fascination for the Academy Awards, and personally, I wouldn't miss them for anything short of the untimely death of a loved one, and even then I might have to give it some thought. I stare in bemused delight, the remnants of my socialist conscience pricking at me terribly, as fabulously wealthy people emerge from automobiles large and costly enough to house several extended families of migrant farm workers, and glitter their way past hordes of admiring \$200 a week file clerks. I wait impatiently for the first highly skilled, Stanislofsky trained presenter to stumble over the reading of the first cue card and I ponder, with the seriousness I usually reserve for sociological treatises on the lasting implications of the Beat Generation, and the withholding column on my paycheck, why, with all that money, time and designer talent at their disposal, not one actress has ever shown up at the Academy Awards in a decent dress. But most of all, I sit and marvel at the selection process of the awards themselves.

By the time you read this, unless I'm off on my deadlines again, which is not beyond the realm of possibility, the Oscars will have been presented, so you have the advantage of knowing whether or not any of this came true, while I have nothing to go on but speculation, hearsay and my own foresight, and so risk making a colossal jackass out of myself but, as of this writing, at least, the hot money is on **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** to walk off with every award for which it was nominated and probably pick up a few write-in awards on the side as well. This interests me.

See, **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** is one of those not-as-rare-as-I-might-ideally-wish films that makes me wonder if I saw the same version as did everyone else. What I saw, in a croded eightplex in New Jersey with my friend Jill Zimmerman (who has already written a gloriously scathing review of the thing for another publication, saving me the chore of doing it myself), was a sticky, gooey, sentimental little mish-mash of every movie cliché foisted on an unsuspecting audience since D. W. Griffith first thought it might be a good idea to try and chronicle the early history of the United States. **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** contains, in no particular order (a) a strained mother-daughter relationship that ends in understanding (b) unwanted kids (c) at least two extramarital affairs (there may have been more. I went out for popcorn at one point) (d) an "off-beat" love story and (e) cancer. There's even an astronaut and some pretty girls in bathing suits, just in case anyone has a moment of boredom in between one thing and another. The only thing they left out was the burning building and the loyal dog, and I'm not at all certain that there isn't some footage on the cutting room floor concerning this scenario. It's only a two hour movie, after all. That's what I saw. What everyone else saw, apparently, was a warm, touching character study of human love, the ways in which it sometimes becomes hidden or twisted, and its eventual triumph. I wish I'd seen that one, too. It sounds really good.

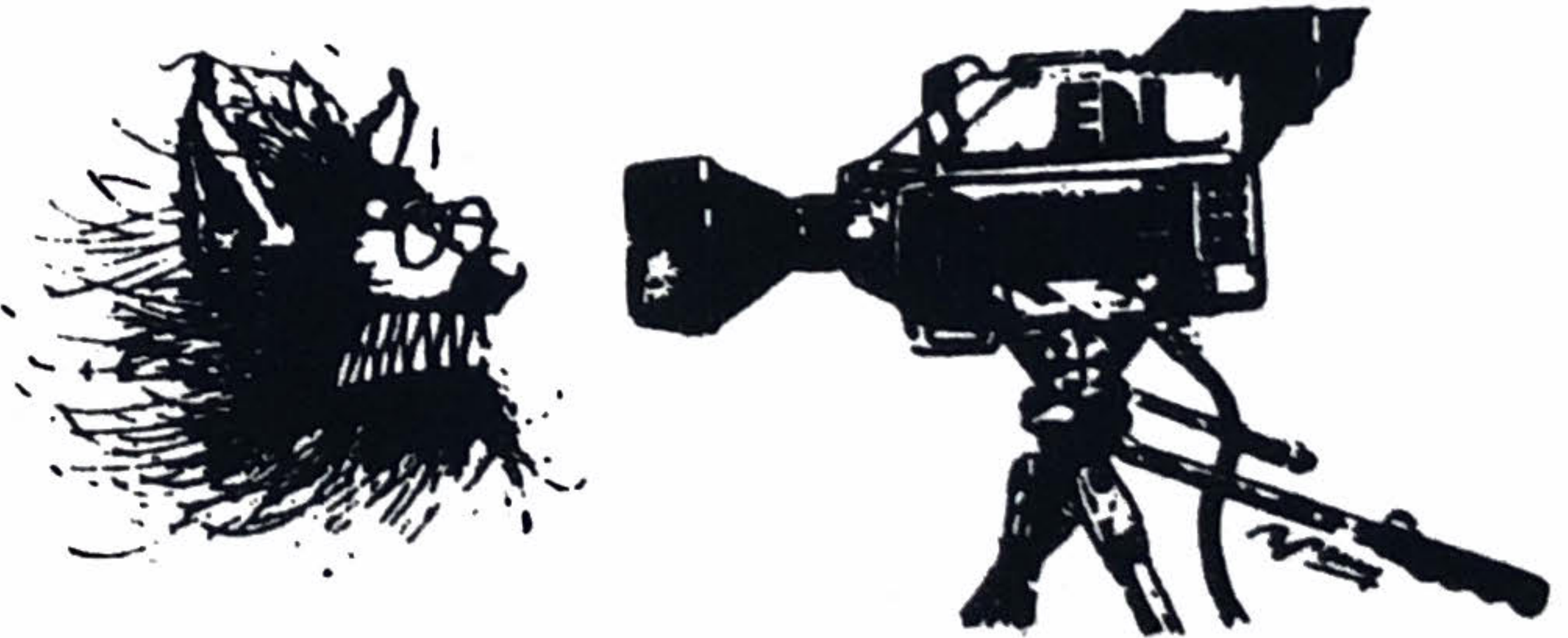
Then there's **EDUCATING RITA**. **EDUCATING RITA** isn't nominated for very much -- Best Actor and Best Actress are the only two I can think of offhand, lovely awards in themselves but not ones that say anything special about the quality of the movie itself, as a good performance can show up in the worst of films and the best of films can support a

couple of scenery chewers without anyone caring -- and probably won't win those for which it is nominated as a few of the gang from **TERMS** are nominated in the same categories, but the thing of it is that it's probably the best film I have managed to see all year. It's funny without being sophomoric, sophisticated without being snide, tasteful without being priggish and moving without being maudlin. The

performances are understated, the direction is exquisite and it's one of the only films I've ever seen which managed to handle a friendship between an adult heterosexual male and female without making one or the other of them seem neurotic, insipid or just plain ludicrous. It is, in short, everything **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** wanted to be: a grown-up movie about grown-up emotions made with a grown-up audience in mind. After a summer full of movies all intensely concerned with teenage sexual fantasies and the many and varied methods available to someone who has an abiding interest in ripping a man's leg off, I can't tell you what a tremendous relief it was to me.

So I do wonder about the Academy's selection process. Leaving aside the unfortunately nagging idea that I just happen to have peculiar tastes in movies -- so what if I like **THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP** better than **ROCKY** -- how do the members of that august body come up with these things? Why **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** for Best Picture and not **EDUCATING RITA**? How does one explain the overwhelming Oscar-popularity of Meryl Streep, an actress with all the warmth and ability to inspire emotion of a Weight Watcher's Southern Fried Chicken dinner? It's a never-ending source of bewilderment to me.

I understand that anyone even remotely connected with the movies in any possible way is allowed to vote for the Oscars which, given the preponderance of key grips, best boys (just as an aside, if the best boy is female does that make her a best girl?), make-up artists, hairdressers and general hangers-on in the film industry, could conceivably mean that you'll see **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** as Best Picture rather than **EDUCATING RITA** because Shirley MacClaine is a better tipper than Julie Walters. And there is the almost unavoidable thought that the Oscars are based more on box office earnings than on any intrinsic merit in the films themselves, though by those lights **STAR WARS** and **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** should have gathered far more awards than either



of them did, and, of course, we know that half of them are based on sentiment or some misguided sense of loyalty (witness a dying John Wayne's win over the likes of Richard Burton and Dustin Hoffman a few years back), but still, I'm always left with the feeling, after an Academy Award broadcast, that there's some sort of in-joke being passed around here, to which I'm not privy. It gives me something to think about during the obligatory "Salute to the Eternal Magic of Hollywood" production number.

There now, you see, I've done it. I've written the sort of column my formerly close friends insist is just what they want to read. Aren't you proud? Do say you're pleased. I still think that ELVENCREST idea would have worked though, but never mind. There are still a few months left before the Emmy telecast, and perhaps we can get all those little kinks in our perception ironed out by then.

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There is such a diversity of aptitudes and attitudes that there would be a potential artist for each job. People would have the freedom to creatively find pleasurable ways to transform their jobs into art. To produce the most with the least, yet turn out durable, efficient and beautiful products that they would be proud of.

Because products would last longer they wouldn't need to be reproduced so often, giving our new artists the leisure to think, cooperate and produce the highest quality. No more, "Hurry! Hurry! and cut-corners."

Aptitude testing and on-the-job training from experts would make it easier to find the right job--and allow the very young and the very old to help if they wished.

People in each industry would practice the art of converting wastes into re-useables.

Planned obsolescence would be replaced with, "Allowances in new designs to accept predicted improvements."

Work which no one cared to do, would be relegated to automation and robots.

Cornucopia

Food, housing, cloths, education, medical, utilities, telephone, furniture, appliances, toys, books and cars would be free.

Transportation, hotels, restaurants and vacations would be free.

Entertainment would be free.

Everything would be free.

Obsolete

Profit, money, barter, credit and taxes would no longer be used. Without PROFIT the following would become obsolete:

1. Politicians 3. War 5. Pollution
2. Bureaucrats 4. Crime 6. Starvation

Change-over

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"When all people agree to work for free (as volunteers), there will be no MONETARY cost of production. Thereafter, all products and services can be given away free of charge. Then people will have no need for money, so they can all work as volunteers...as artists."

When?

This new system can't happen until people become AWARE of it. YOU can HELP make it common knowledge and get in on the fun.

1. YOU can xerox or have printed, hundreds of copies of this paper.
2. YOU can give, mail and leave them where workers will find them.
3. YOU can get your friends to help.
4. YOU can use your own creativity.

Or...

Stay in your groove (grave?) and wait for someone to start World War 3.

But, THEN, it will be too late!

Man invents anti-gravity device

Stories by LINDA WILLIAMSON
Sun Staff Writer

It may not look like much, but Roy Thomson's bedspread of gears and wire could be the invention that puts Winnipeg on the map.

The plastic contraption is actually a machine that threatens to revolutionize the automotive and space industries.

No, it's not the prototype, mounted on a styrofoam "raft," propels itself across a tray of water without any means of propulsion except its own force.

Everyone will call it an anti-gravity machine," says Thomson, who has worked on the invention for the past 10 years. "But it's for real."

Thomson's machine is a new form of propulsion device that is so powerful it seems to defy gravity. In reality, it works on the simple principles of centrifugal force and momentum.

Called EZKL, for "Energy-Zoned Kinetic Lift," Thomson's machine consists of a pair of wheels, mounted with weights and turned by a one-fifteenth horsepower electric motor.

The spinning wheels cause two quarter-ounce weights to pull a machine 225 times their weight.

At first glance, the handmade apparatus hidden in Thomson's basement is impressive only because it's so confusing. Then he turns it on.

Little more work, the machine could have taken off, Thomson says.

His dream is to build a smoother-running model and test it in the space shuttle.

Unfortunately, neither the Canadian or the U.S. governments have shown any interest in the makeshift model.

With only six months left on his provisional patent, Thomson is looking for research money to help him put together a more impressive package.

He hasn't given up yet.

Presumably, with a

So, The Sun called in consulting engineer Art Pankrantz to tell us his opinion of Thomson's EZKL — or Energy-Zoned Kinetic Lift.

Pankrantz was

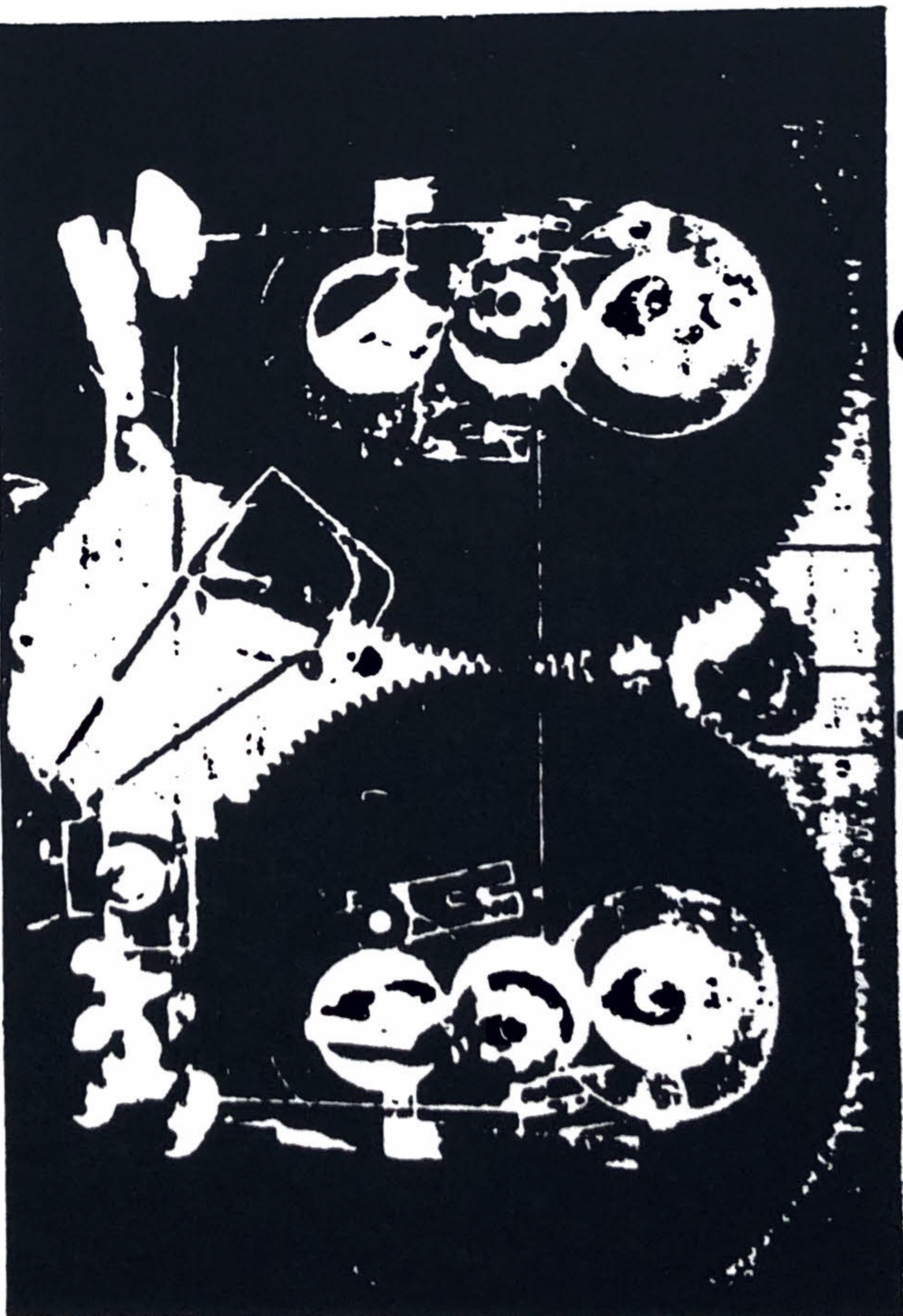
impressed.

Ray Thomson's amazing propulsion machine has to be seen to be believed.

In fact, even after seeing it, we weren't sure if we could believe our eyes.

"This is exciting. I'm glad to be a part of it," he told Thomson after seeing the plastic prototype.

"You've got some tremendous potential there. All you need now is the right person



Roy Thomson's invention may look weird, but he says it will revolutionize space travel.

Sun photo by TOM THOMSON

Consulting engineer says this guy's legit

to develop and test this with a precision model."

Pankrantz was glad to add his endorsement to Thomson's efforts, finally being made public after 10 years of work.

He joins a growing number of Thomson believers, including a senior Manitoba

engineer and a well-known Winnipeg lawyer, who have assisted to remain anonymous.

"He's put together some simple principles in a way that hasn't been done before," Pankrantz said.

However, he added, most people aren't too

quick to invest in an inventor's dream.

"Canadians are so conservative. They want to see four or five of these devices on the market before they'll even admit that it works."

"I've been involved in inventions before and they've never gone past my office."

Thomson, who calls himself a "mechanically-inclined problem solver," worked as a draftsman 25 years ago. He does not have an engineering degree.

However, he can see his invention being used in everything from spacecrafts to household appliances.

"EZKIAL SAW A WHEEL WAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL WAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR"



FRACTALS: FORM, CHANCE AND DIMENSION, by Benoit B. Mandelbrot (WH Freeman hc 1977): Fractals are, for purposes of discussion, pretty pictures drawn by a mathematician which have some surprising applications. This book has lots of nice pictures and lots of knotty math. Worth borrowing but don't buy it unless you're a math major. (★★★ ½ ★)

HOMOGENEOUS RELATIVISTIC COSMOLOGIES, by Michael P. Ryan and Lawrence C. Shepley (Princeton Press hc 1975): This is an introductory text on modern cosmology, written almost clearly enough to understand. I got something out of it, but not much. I was amused by the exercises & problems, a number of which are marked as suitable for doctoral theses. (★★★★)

WHAT IS COMMUNIST ANARCHISM?, by Alexander Berkman (Dover tpb 1972): Despite the fact that he's an anarcho-communist and I'm an anarcho-capitalist I agree with 80% or so of this book. An excellent introduction to anarchy for the average man, though I think his faith in unions is misplaced. (★★★★)

ADVENTURES OF A MATHEMATICIAN, by S. M. Ulam (Scribner, hc 1976): Stanley Ulam is a mathematician who worked on the Manhattan project and similar endeavors for a number of years. This is mostly his autobiography, combined with reminiscences about men he has known and speculations on the nature of thought. Fun reading, non-technical. (★★★ ½ ★)

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, by Fyodor Dostoevsky (Bantam pb 1981): Fyodor Karamazov is a nasty bastard who gets offed by one of his four sons. It takes entirely too many pages to find out which one. (★★)

STORM WARNING, by Jack Higgins (Bantam pb 1977): A group of expatriate Germans attempt to go from Brazil to Germany in 1944 in a sailing ship, having to cope with the worst North Atlantic weather in years. Exciting without being particularly memorable. (★★★)

DUTCH SHEA, JR., by John Gregory Dunne (Pocket pb1983): Shea is a lawyer who defends all sorts of unsavory clients (or so we are told--we only meet one of them) and embezzles from rich, senile women's estates. He makes love to a judge who is as human-sounding as a Cuisinart. This one needs to be rewritten with a plot and characters. (★)

THE TANGENT OBJECTIVE, by Lawrence Sanders (Berkeley pb 1976): An oil company funds a coup in an African nation with the help of some mercenaries. Like **THE DOGS OF WAR** to a remarkable degree, but not as good a read. (★★)

ANARCHY, STATE, AND UTOPIA, by Robert Nozick (Basic hc 1974): This should be required reading for all libertarians. The author is sheerly brilliant in everything he talks about, from the ethics of meat-eating to the necessity of a minimal State to the possibilities for Utopia. There is enough thought-provoking material in here to keep one thinking for years. (★★★★★)

THE HOOD, by David Scannell (Avon pb 1984): A psycho goes around committing sadistic rapes until he makes the mistake of raping a cop's neice, and the cop tracks him down and blows him away. Trash. ()

THE CROSSING, by Jim Flanagan (Fawcett pb 1983): Austin Hardy drives his wife to suicide to get his hands on her money, but he didn't recon on her boyfriend doing the same to him. As much suspense as the 6 PM news. (★)

THE VOID CAPTAIN'S TALE, by Norman Spinrad (Timescape Books hc 1983): Spinrad has invented a fascinating interstellar culture with a complex language and socialmores, and then used it as the setting for a tale which is about as moving as a three-toed sloth. (★★)

SANCTUARY, ed. Robert Asprin (Doubleday hc 1982): Take a fantasy world, invite numerous authors to write stories set against the one background, and what do you get? Every cliché in the business, strung together in new and amusing ways. This is so broad a pastiche as to be nearly slapstick, but fun nonetheless. (★★★ ½ ★)

BUG JACK BARRON, by Norman Spinrad (Doubleday hc 1969): A Sixties period-piece, this is the story of a courageous radical out to fight a megalithic and nasty corporation, provided that he can get laid along the way. The politics are funnier than hell. (★★★)

THEY'VE SHOT THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER!, by Edward Stewart (Signet pb 1973): Yes, they have, one one would think that an interesting book could be made from this, especially since it's the opening move in a plot to overthrow the US government, but one would be quite, quite wrong. (★ ½ ★)

THE BOTTOM LINE, by Fletcher Knebel (Pocket pb 1975): "A novel of corporate lust and intrigue", this one reads like a Harlequin romance for men, with immense and pointless concentration on the details of the good life as lived by corporate presidents. The plot, such as it is, concerns the attempts of the Good Guys to stop the nasty old CIA from logging the Amazon basin and destroying the world. (★★)

SPACE, by James A. Michener (Fawcett pb 1984): I'll bet you thought that space flight was exciting, didn't you? Not in this long drawn-out saga of four men and four women who get involved in America's space program and die or live or do other things. By page 800 the reader would just as soon that the moon was a hole in the sky and NASA had gone into the dry-goods business. (★★)

THE DELTA STAR, by Joseph Wambaugh (Bantam pb 1983): I'd like to think that the portrayal of LA cops in this book is more authentic than that of the Caltech students and faculty, but I expect that's just wishful thinking. Even the cops can't be quite such thoroughgoing scum. I think there was a bit of plot under the heavy characterization, but damned if I can recall what it was. (★★)

CHILD'S PLAY (THE DESTROYER #23), by Richard Sapir & Warren Murphy (Pinnacle pb 1976): Remo and Chiun are pressed into action to stop a mysterious bunch of killers, and Remo learns that it is impossible to defend against something he does not know, and learns more important lessons on his road to perfect assassinship. Perhaps a slightly weaker plot than most of the series, but who cares? (★★★★)

THE WHISPER OF THE AXE, by Richard Condon (Ballantine pb 1976): The author of The Manchurian Candidate has a fondness for brainwashing as a plot device, but this time it's only a small cog in a much larger plot backed by the communist Chinese (Condon's favorite villains) to replace the US government with a puppet state. An ample number of plot turns and a surprising twist on the very last page. (★★★★)

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE, by James Branch Cabell (Robert McBride & Co. hc 1927): This is a small part of the mammoth romance of Manuel of Poictesme. Somewhat dated fantasy, this book explores the relationship between men and women in a fashion which was risque for its time. I find Cabell's style and vocabulary to be truly engrossing, and would likely enjoy readin his laundry lists. (★★★★ ½ ★)

THE NAME OF THE ROSE, by Umberto Eco (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich tpb 1983): This is a fascinatingly complex detective story set in 14th-century Italy and featuring a scholarly monk as a somewhat unlikely Sherlock Holmes. This book has enough details about the times to repay careful study, but it can also be read as a very good mystery. (★★★★★)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, by Ronald W. Clark (Random House tpb 1983): Nothing spectacular, this is a well-balanced biography, making Old Ben out to be neither a hard-drinking womanizer or a patriotic saint but rather just a man, one with some great ideas and some quirks. An interesting study of a man and his times. (★★★★)

UNICORN VARIATIONS, by Roger Zelazny (Timescape hc 1983): A collection of short stories, this one is of uneven quality but there are several gems that show Zelazny at his best. The title story is my favorite, but 'Walpurgisnacht' and 'My Lady of the D,odes' are vintage Zelazny as well. (★★★ ½ ★)

THE VALLEY OF THE CAVE BEAR, by Jean M. Auel (Crown hc 1982): The indomitable Ayla singlehandedly invents enough things to be the original genius when she's forced to live on her own in prehistoric Europe, until she's finally rescued by another Cro-Magnon who makes mad, passionate love to her in a scene that set me off into uncontrollable giggles. At this rate, she'll have discovered the internal combustion engine by the end of the next book. (★★★)



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